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## THE RESIGNATION OF THE MINISTRY.

ALL doubt as to the result of the Elections has been speedily and finally set at rest. The Ministry has arrived at a very definite conclusion as to the issue of the appeal it has made to the country. There is no standing against a majority of 100. Mr. DISRAELI has resigned, and has owned that he has been utterly defeated. Last May he believed, or affected to believe, that if he appealed to the country the country would be with him. There was a sort of reserve of Protestantism which he ventured to think he could successfully tap. All that he and his colleagues desired was that the latent wishes of the new constituencies should be known, and that it should be settled once for all whether the defenders or opponents of the Irish Church had the advantage. They have got their answer now, and they find that the constituencies which were filled with a secret desire to support them have returned a majority of 100 to drive them from office. As there is no doubt of the result, there can be no shame in accepting it. The Ministry is a beaten Ministry, in a hopeless minority, representing a policy that the country will not endure for an instant. So long as there was life there was hope. Until the verdict of the constituencies had been finally given, it was always open to the minority to say that, however much appearances might be against them, they were going to win. But now that the verdict has been given, and the constituencies have spoken, the Ministry has no pretence or claim to govern the country. It was the part of honourable men, under such circumstances, to resign. Mr. HARDY—who has been accustomed to be the spokesman, in however imperfect a manner, of the better and the nobler thoughts of his colleagues—described, towards the close of last Session, the burning desire which he felt to know and act upon the real wishes of the country. He has gained this painful knowledge now, and resignation was the only mode in which his burning desire to obey the voice of public opinion could be satisfied. To resign directly there was an incontestable majority against them was therefore at once the most dignified and sensible course the Ministry could take; nor ought they perhaps to lose the credit of having consulted their dignity and obeyed their common sense, because it happens to be signally convenient to them at this particular moment to resign. Evidently Mr. DISRAELI gains what it is the fashion to call a strategical advantage by abandoning office before the meeting of Parliament. He is thus relieved from the necessity of explaining what are the modifications of the Irish Church to which he is willing to agree. His followers have been instructed to say in their recent addresses that, although they were prepared to defend the Irish Church to the utmost, they were quite willing to remedy its abuses. But what these abuses were, and how they were to be remedied, was one of those Conservative secrets which none but the great educator could pretend to unravel. If the Ministry had stayed in, some clue to the mystery must have been given. Either the conclusions of the Commission must have been rejected, or the Ministry must have sanctioned a reform which included the violent spoliation of spiritual corporations and the destruction of the national character of the Irish Church. To be able to be entirely silent as to the recommendations of the Commission, to be in no way bound by them, and yet to draw from them the advantage of establishing that a body of impartial and incompetent men has judged that the Irish Church can be reformed without being abolished, is a gain which, as a piece of party warfare, far outbalances the advantage of holding office a fortnight longer. Mr. DISRAELI had the opportunity of at once doing what was right, and at the same time making a good point in favour of his party, and, as

might be expected, he has shown himself much too clever not to seize on and profit by it.

Mr. DISRAELI, in his address to his supporters, takes care to make the best of the position in which his party is left. The destruction of the Irish Church is a measure which he believes to be impracticable, and which he will resist with all the strength at his command. Besides, although he and his party are beaten, they have their consolation. The Ministry, when they calculated on reversing the decision of the late House of Commons by an appeal to the country, were certainly a little mistaken. There is no denying the mistake, for Mr. GLADSTONE's majority of 60 has been turned into a majority of 100. This is awkward, but then there is something to be said on the other side. The Ministry, though wrong generally, were right so far as their calculations related to the English counties. There they have had a manifest gain and an indisputable triumph. Vast constituencies, as Mr. DISRAELI says, whose decision no Ministry can affect to ignore, have pronounced in favour of the Government. This is the one bright spot in the Conservative sky, and of course the leader of the party would make the most of it. We cannot see what possible good Liberals can hope to derive from questioning or disputing this Conservative success. The English counties return about one-fourth of the House of Commons. In the sphere of this one-fourth the Conservatives have gained; in the sphere of the other three-fourths they have been decisively beaten. And the fourth in which they have been triumphant is a fourth of great numerical and social importance. The general verdict of the country remains undisturbed. Mr. GLADSTONE will still have a majority of 100 to back him, and that majority, so long as it is faithful to him, can dictate the whole policy of the country, although counties like Lancashire, Kent, and Somerset have not returned a single Liberal member. There is no reason to suppose that if the election were to come over again the Liberal majority would be lessened. The English nation must be taken as a whole, and the decision of the English nation is beyond all doubt against the maintenance of the Irish Church. But still it remains a fact well worth noting and considering, that the English counties have pronounced with such vehemence and ardour in favour of the Conservatives. Their wishes will not prevail against those of the rest of the nation, of which, after all, they are but a fraction. But in reading the signs of the times it is necessary to ponder over this manifestation of English county opinion. Not only have the Conservatives defended many seats triumphantly and gained many seats with remarkable ease, but it is evident that their strength was greater than even they themselves knew, and that in many counties they could have carried another candidate had they not previously thought it hopeless to start one. It still seems probable that a main cause of this success has been the growing tendency of the timid and well-to-do classes of suburban districts to throw in their lot with the party of order and respectability. But the accumulating evidence daily received from different parts of the country places beyond a doubt that the triumph of the Conservatives in the counties has been greatly owing to the exertions of the clergy. The country clergy have worked at this election as they have not worked at any election in the memory of the present generation. They have appealed to the horror of Popery which, when excited, awakens even the stolid mind of English villagers into something like life. They have made the issue of the county elections a personal question, and have begged, in return for the services and kindnesses of past years, that their parishioners would support the good cause and help to baffle the wicked designs of the POPE and Mr. GLADSTONE. They have not made this appeal in vain, and the ignorance,

the fanaticism, and the gratitude of those among whom they have spent their lives have enabled them to carry batches of voters in triumph to the poll. We are very glad that this success has been nullified by the good sense of the English boroughs and by the strong irrepressible feeling of Scotland and Ireland. But as the general result is thus a satisfactory one, and as the efforts of the English clergy are not to prevail so far as to maintain a rotten institution, and uphold that ascendancy which is a disgrace to Protestantism, we confess that this triumph of the clergy in the counties seems to us a fact not only to be willingly admitted, but to be received in a certain sense with pleasure. What is the upshot of it all? It is that when an earnest appeal is made to them, the county electors have shown themselves true to Protestantism and grateful to the clergy. Both of these feelings are good in themselves, and of incontestable value to the nation, although in this particular instance Protestantism, as we think, happens to be mistaken, and the clergy are anxious to get what it would do them the greatest harm to obtain. But still the feelings which have prompted the votes of the majority of county electors are feelings which it would be a great national calamity to find wanting in England. Protestantism, however bigoted and coarse it may be in bigoted and coarse minds, is still the source of much of the virtue and strength of the country, and the English clergy, if they make an appeal to the gratitude of rural neighbourhoods, ought surely not to make that appeal wholly in vain. They spend their lives doing good, spreading education, advocating in their hesitating uninstructed way justice and mercy in lonely, dismal, country villages, where their services are for the most part forgotten and their good deeds unrequited, and it is not too much of a reward if once in their lives they should be able to range the voters among their flocks on the side of the righteous in the battle of Armageddon.

Mr. DISRAELI, having decided to give way to Mr. GLADSTONE, very sensibly and adroitly determined to give way to him in the most direct and the promptest manner possible. He advised the QUEEN to send at once for the leader of the House of Commons, and not to waste time by an unmeaning reference to any of the well-placed dummies of the Whigs. Mr. GLADSTONE accordingly waited on the QUEEN at Windsor, and was entrusted with the charge of forming a Ministry. There are some persons, even on the Liberal side, who seem to consider that the formation of a Cabinet by Mr. GLADSTONE will be a work of extreme difficulty. Liberals have cried down themselves and their party so long and so effectively that they really seem to consider that the most ordinary functions of government cannot be properly discharged if Liberals are entrusted with discharging them. Mr. GLADSTONE has no greater difficulty before him than the head of a party must always have when he is fortunate enough to be supported by more men of ability than he can easily provide with places. Some of those who look for office must be disappointed, but there is nothing new or startling or terrible in this. Able Liberals who hope for office and cannot get it will have to put up with their disappointment, and remain out of office. That is all; the Liberal party will not break up because this man is not a Secretary of State or that man is excluded from the ranks of minor officials. For all administrative purposes, and for all the purposes of discussion and debate, Mr. GLADSTONE is certain to make a satisfactory Cabinet, and to establish a Ministry strong both in the Lords and the Commons. The headships of the ordinary departments of State will be easily filled up well enough to prevent the public from having anything to lose by the outgoing of the present Administration. Mr. DISRAELI, Lord STANLEY, and Lord CAIRNS are the only members of the late Ministry that can be called in any way eminent. Mr. GLADSTONE will have no difficulty in filling the Foreign Office, because either Lord CLARENDON or Lord GRANVILLE is quite competent to hold the Seals, to pursue what has now become the settled foreign policy of the country, to keep on friendly terms with foreign Powers, and, we may hope, to avoid those startling sallies of indiscreet speech with which Lord STANLEY has lately astonished and confounded the Continental public. There are indeed only two points of much interest with regard to the formation of the new Cabinet. By far the most important of these points is, whether Mr. BRIGHT will be a member of the Government. There are obvious and sufficient reasons why he should be. It seriously deranges the system of Parliamentary government that a man who has won his way to a place in the very front of the House of Commons, who directs, guides, and inspires his party, who can say nothing by which the fortunes of his party are not influenced, should fail when the proper time comes to take his share in government, and bear the responsibility of a policy which must in

any case depend on his support for its success. The notion of a great outsider, free from responsibility, and committing his party without appearing to commit it, is one totally inconsistent with the scheme of party government. What the nation wants, and has a right to, is that the foremost and ablest men of the party commanding a majority in the House of Commons should manage public affairs, and be accountable for the mode in which they manage them. In the second place, much interest will be felt as to the mode in which Mr. GLADSTONE surmounts the difficulty of filling up the office of Chancellor. If Sir ROUNDELL PALMER finally decides to resign the prize he has so fairly won, another Chancellor must be found, and Mr. GLADSTONE's choice may perhaps be said to lie between Lord Justice PAGE WOOD and Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN. Either appointment would have its special recommendations, but at any rate we trust that the choice may be made solely in the interests of the country and of the party, and may not in any way be determined by the convenience of providing a judicial office for Sir ROBERT COLIER, in order to appease an absurd and petty jealousy which is said to be entertained towards him.

#### THE PROSPECTS OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

AS it is now acknowledged that they have been defeated, the Conservatives are naturally beginning to think how they can put their future in the pleasantest possible light. It is true they have gone out of office, but it is a changing world, and they may soon come in again. The vision with which they delight their fancy is, that a Conservative Ministry will again be formed before very long, owing to the inevitable break-up of the Liberal party. They find the prospect so pleasant and so certain that they seem to be more encouraged by the good fortune that is in store for them hereafter than they are disheartened by the calamities of the present, and by the fact that the nation has pronounced an unhesitating condemnation of them, their government, and their policy. The Radical tyranny will soon be overpast, and then the party that really deserves office will have its own again. And they base their expectations on grounds of two distinct kinds. In the first place, there is the general tendency of all Liberal majorities to fade away. Those who call themselves Liberals are, as their opponents reason, but a motley group made up of persons of the most discordant opinions, and bound together by no ties of loyalty or personal honour. When the push comes, the timid Whig lordling will be sure to separate himself from the blustering democrats who borrow their language from Mr. BRIGHT and their thoughts from Mr. MILL. But these are troublous times, and a critical question must arise soon, and may arise within a few months or even weeks, which will test the real opinions of Liberals, and shatter the clay idol of Mr. GLADSTONE's majority. In the next place, there are the special reasons for expecting a break-up of the Liberal party which are deduced from the character of Mr. GLADSTONE himself, and from the peculiar nature of the question with which the new Parliament is especially elected to deal. Mr. GLADSTONE, the Conservatives say, is known by this time to be the very worst leader that ever mismanaged a great party. No one can tell what he is after; no one, however faithful and submissive, can escape his dictatorial arrogance; and every one of his followers finds in turn his honest pride wounded and his self-respect trampled on by the leader of his party. Even, therefore, if things were smooth, and the Liberal party had only to carry on the general business of the country, Mr. GLADSTONE might be trusted very soon to make enemies of his friends, and to inspire a large number of his followers with a burning desire to get rid of him. But, instead of the prospect of smooth things before them, the Liberals have to face the settlement of a question full of interminable difficulties and the seeds of unending strife. Directly a proposal is made to deal with the funds of the Irish Church, the robbers will begin to quarrel among themselves, and no two Liberals will agree what is to be done with the plunder. Mr. GLADSTONE cannot possibly, it is calculated, propose any scheme of disendowment which, if it satisfies his supporters in England and Scotland, will not raise a cry of treachery against him in Ireland. Then the good time for the Tories will come; they will propose nothing, accept nothing, suggest nothing; they will keep silent, vote in a mass, and watch for their opportunity. The Liberals will be divided, discouraged, at enmity with each other, stirred by jealousy of nation against nation, and provoked into bitter distrust of those who have assumed the task of guiding them. In such a state of things, a compact minority of 270, ready to obey their leaders in everything, and free from even the

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In the a break the char- nature especially as say, is that ever is after; his dicta- in turn ed on by age were the general trusted to inspire a to get rid of before question in pending funds of l among be done it is cal- ch, if it will not then the nothing, ent, vote rals will be stirred by a bitter g them, ready to even the

beginnings of internal dissensions, must be master of the situation; it is sure to come into office; and somehow or other, if it gets in, its leader will be adroit enough to keep it in, for a time long enough at any rate to give Conservatives their proper share of the good things that are going, and to justify their present prophetic anticipations that Liberals cannot keep a Ministry together, and were never meant to govern the country.

Such is the prospect that cheers the Conservatives, and possibly, for a party looking at everything from a party point of view, it may be a cheering prospect. But for other people, for those who care for England, for those who value what makes England a great country, no prospect could be more dismal. If it is really true that, when an appeal of the most formal and solemn kind has been made to the nation, and the nation has answered in the most decisive and positive manner possible, there should yet be such an inherent weakness in the party entrusted with giving effect to what the nation wishes, and in the leaders of that party, that they can carry nothing and do nothing, but must, by some fatal necessity, split up and fade into impotency, then the form of government which England has now got must be thoroughly rotten. The Tory ideal is not to govern better, or to carry out any principles, or to give effect to the national decision; it is merely to reduce everything to stagnation, and to keep hold of office by adroitness. England would indeed have ceased to be great if this were the only issue at which she could arrive, at one of the most important crises of her history. To declare to the world that after full deliberation she is of opinion that justice must be done to Ireland, and that she has resolved on a considerable sacrifice in order to do this justice, and to free her conscience before man and Heaven, and then to hesitate and falter, and let Ireland go on as at present, and sink into a reign of stagnation and official adroitness, would be to lose for at least a generation the name of her greatness and her place in the world. That there is no cause for alarm, that this dismal Conservative Elysium is wholly impossible, would be too much to say. It is true that there is a tendency in Liberal majorities to break up, it is true that Mr. GLADSTONE is in many respects a very bad leader of a party, and it is true that to deal with the Irish Church opens the door to innumerable practical difficulties. But if we are to acknowledge all this, we ought, on the other hand, to remember the exceptional strength of the Liberal party at the present moment. The fortunes of the Liberals may be shipwrecked by misadventure or mismanagement, but there is a promise of success in the position of the party at present which, so far as can now be seen, is at least equal to the unusual call upon the strength and fidelity of the party. Those who are forewarned are fore-armed, and every one must acknowledge that the Liberal constituencies have been warned in time. The tendency of Liberal majorities to dissolve is one that Liberals as well as other people can note and provide for; it is an evil against which the Liberal constituencies have on this particular occasion guarded themselves with a jealousy and assiduity which have never been known before. They have absolutely refused to have anything to do with those Liberals who see in the Liberal creed a field for infinite variety of opinion, and for the assertion of the crotchets or persuasions of individuals. The first thing they have demanded of candidates is that, if they were returned, they should stick at all costs and at all hazards to their party. So far as electors could ensure it, the elected have been bound over not to let the triumph of the elections be reversed, and the efforts of the party made fruitless by any wanton and capricious disruption of the majority. To effect this great end, the Liberals have in some measure lowered the character of their representatives; they have made them sink to something like the blind obedience and the unreflecting discipline of the Conservatives; but at any rate they have clearly seen the end they had in view, and have insured its attainment without hesitation, and with a remarkable singleness of purpose. That the Liberal party must break up is the creed of the Tories; that it shall not break up is the determination of the Liberal constituencies.

But this is not all; there is something even in the peculiar nature of the question to be dealt with, and even in the character of the leader who has to deal with it, that is not without special grounds of encouragement to the Liberal party. To get rid of the Irish Church, and at the same time to do perfect justice to all who belong to it, is certainly by no means an easy matter. There are problems involved in the words disendowment and disestablishment which may well puzzle the most able, the most practical, and the most philosophical of statesmen. To propose any scheme which shall divert the

surplus revenue of the Irish Church into an unexceptionable channel, and to leave the Irish Church free from the State, and yet possessed of the advantages to which its long connexion with the State would appear to entitle it, is no doubt a very difficult and complicated task. But then, when we are considering the effect of a proposal not so much on the Irish Church as on the party which proposes it, ample allowance ought to be made for the recommendation which a plan carries with it simply because it is a plan proposed by the ablest men of a party charged with the actual administration of affairs, and in a position to say that this plan can only be rejected if the majority is prepared to take the consequences of its rejection. The Irish Church is to be disestablished, and it is to be disendowed. This is the starting-point from which every member of the majority begins. He will have been sent to do a work which must be done, and when a mode of doing this work is proposed to him by those whom he is pledged to follow, he will find it in the last degree difficult to say that he will have nothing to do with this plan, that he washes his hands of it, that he is going to stand aloof in his independence, and is prepared to break away from his party. In the midst of difficulties a proposal of any kind is felt to be a relief; and, as few of those who have to vote on the proposal will presume to think that they are capable of substituting a better for it, there will, it may be expected, be a general tendency to accept what is offered, and to throw the entire responsibility on those who offer it. Anything will seem better than nothing, and so long as Mr. GLADSTONE does not offend the few religious prejudices among his supporters which can be brought to bear against him, he will have the enormous advantage in dealing with his party of being able to say that the proposal he adopts offers the fewest objections of any that can be devised, and must be accepted as it stands unless the triumph of the Liberal party is to be rendered entirely nugatory. Nor, at such a crisis, is Mr. GLADSTONE without some special qualifications which may make him much more able to lead his party effectively than he would be in ordinary and more peaceful times. He has on more than one occasion shown that the moment when he can really lead a party is the moment when he has a new and definite proposal to make, and when he can distance competition and silence opposition by the boldness, the ingenuity, and the subtlety of the proposals he makes, and the reasons by which he supports them. He carried the French Treaty and the Repeal of the Paper Duties in spite of his own party, and by that ascendancy over the followers of the Ministry to which he belonged which he derived from his thorough belief in his own views, and from the resolution and audacity with which he advocated them. If Mr. GLADSTONE frames a scheme for dealing with the Irish Church which thoroughly satisfies him, he will put it forward with a force, a brilliancy, and an ardour that will make his party at once proud of their leader and willingly subject to his mastery. We cannot pretend to any great confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE's leadership, but at any rate we can conceive that it will not be on a great question, and in a moment of excitement, that he will break down.

#### SPAIN AND QUEEN ISABELLA.

THE calm surface of the Spanish Revolution at length shows signs of disturbance. They are small enough, indeed, in themselves, but in contrast with the singularly correct and placid "demonstrations" which have hitherto marked the course of the movement, they deserve some attention. There is nothing new, of course, in the statement that the Government, "while resolved to defend the cause of the Revolution, is at the same time equally resolved to maintain the credit of the country, and the future liberty and dignity of Spain." The warning that "the demagogues who attempt to unsettle affairs are nothing but agents of the two 'BOURBON branches,'" may have some foundation of truth; but it is so convenient for the moderate party in a revolution to set down the acts of those who go beyond themselves to the influence of "reactionary manœuvres," that the assurance does not create any strong degree of conviction. "Under all circumstances," the local authorities are further told, "the Provisional Government has resolved boldly to pursue the path of liberty, and to guarantee order, and punish all who may make the slightest attempt against the rights which the country has achieved." As we have said, these are nothing but the commonplaces of revolutionary administration, but the reiteration of them just now is a little significant. An expressed resolution to maintain order implies the possibility of its disturbance, and when once this fact is realized, the determination of the Provisional Government is not unlikely to be put to the test.

But the most unpromising feature in the condition of Spain is not the presence of a large number of persons altogether opposed to legal restraints. This class exists in all countries, and it is only natural that it should make itself more than usually prominent in a time of general confusion. The really weak point is the apparent inability of the respectable citizens to do anything towards protecting themselves. The army has made the Revolution, and, so far as can be seen, it is only the army that can keep it within bounds. There is no fear that the instrument will be too weak for the work it has to do; but there is serious fear that neither the instrument nor the hands which wield it will be satisfied with playing the part of protector to a nation of incapable civilians. The consciousness of the services they render to the State must tend to raise their conception of the rewards due to them, and the corresponding consciousness on the part of the people that they are in urgent need of the troops will naturally indispose them to scrutinize these rewards too closely. The success of the Imperial system in France is in some measure attributable to a similar cause. No doubt the military force commanded by the Executive enables it to keep down resistance, but the strength of the Empire lies rather in the passion for military protection which is so largely felt by respectable Frenchmen. In civilized society the fear that springs from want of familiarity with danger plays an important part in politics. The *spectre rouge* is usually the best card that a dictator finds in his hand. It is possible that we may underrate the ability of the Spanish people to guard themselves against revolutionary excesses, but in that case all the published narratives of the Revolution are unaccountably mistaken. If it is, as those who have watched it tell us, a purely military movement, all that can be said is, that a nation does not resign the conduct of its affairs at a crisis like the present unless it recognises its own inability to make them go as it wishes. All things considered, to leave matters to the army may be the wisest course, but that the situation should have taken this shape is not an encouraging symptom of the political future. A dispossessed Government has at least the consolation of knowing that the more arbitrary it has been the more certain it is of revenging itself upon the people that has overthrown it. The Spaniards have sent the Bourbons into exile, and vindicated for themselves the right of self-government. But nations which have been deprived of this right for a long course of years are rarely in a position to derive immediate profit from its restoration. Their political sinews have been weakened by disuse. They resemble those mythical Britons of whose melancholy condition after the departure of the Romans we read in infancy, and they are not long in finding their Picts and Scots in town roughs and starving peasants. It is a stage, perhaps, through which it is impossible to avoid passing. The lost strength can only be recovered by exertion, and the energy which is needed to insure exertion is not likely to be generated by anything short of necessity.

If the Spanish nation feels any alarm at the dangers which the future may have in store, an opportunity of escape is now offered to it. The ex-QUEEN has just evinced her comprehension of modern ideas by publishing a pamphlet, the gist of which is that if her late subjects are prepared to return to their allegiance she is still ready to dispense the mild blessings of her constitutional rule. Indeed, the only doubt suggested by *Isabelle II et l'Espagne* is whether it will not be desirable, in the interests of the Spaniards themselves, to make her government somewhat less constitutional than it has hitherto been. That Spain has suffered many misfortunes during the last five-and-thirty years is freely admitted by the Royal pamphleteer. But the root of these evils has been the determination she has shown from her cradle to be guided by the advice of the Ministers imposed on her by the Cortes. Throughout her political career not an occasion can be found on which she has acted otherwise than in accordance with her constitutional obligations. Although the very men who now accuse her of violating the fundamental law have repeatedly done so in their own persons, the QUEEN herself has consistently obeyed it. The errors of her Government have been the errors of her responsible Ministers, and to attribute them to the Sovereign displays a culpable ignorance of the first principles of constitutional law. In a professedly anonymous pamphlet Queen ISABELLA can dwell more frankly on her own virtues than would be possible if she were writing in her own name; and after this sketch of her political merits she goes on to enumerate her personal virtues. As daughter, wife, and mother her conduct speaks for itself. Those who asked her to do them a kindness she knew not how

to refuse. She was always ready to encourage the unhappy with her smile, and soothe the dying with her presence. To artists she showed herself a friend rather than a sovereign. As to her faults, calumny itself can allege but two—a constant affection for her old and faithful servants, and that habit of devotion which is now her consolation in exile. Even the scoffing Parisians have been won over by her unassuming merits. They promised themselves some amusement from the spectacle of disgraced Royalty; but when they saw the heiress of LOUIS XIV. living with her children in an unpretending hotel, worshipping in their churches, visiting their museums—in a word, evidencing in every action of daily life her resignation, her wisdom, and her modesty—they recognised the true greatness of their ill-used guest. Even this heartrending relation excites in the QUEEN's breast no selfish sorrow. Her one thought is of the pain it will give the women of Spain to picture their Sovereign in the streets of a foreign capital, deprived of her fortune, lost in a careless crowd, and bearing, against her will, a living testimony to Spanish ingratitude.

The reader of a manifesto such as this can do nothing but rub his eyes and draw his breath. It is not his business to question the account which this suffering saint gives of her life and conversation. All the comment it calls for is that, upon her own showing, Queen ISABELLA is a much misunderstood woman. But besides this summary of her political and moral claims on the love and veneration of her erring subjects, the pamphlet touches rather cleverly on the actual politics of the movement. The writer goes through the Revolutionary programme in detail, and attempts to prove that the one condition which will allow of its being carried out is the restoration of the "Constitutional QUEEN." Liberty of worship, it is argued, means either a civil war or a reaction, unless ISABELLA II. is at hand to mediate between Spain and the POPE. Universal suffrage is impossible except under a settled dynasty. The army cannot be reduced during a revolution, or under the sway of a prince who may have to reconquer half his kingdom. Trial by jury has no place in a time of civil war, or when one portion of the nation regards the Sovereign of the other portion as a usurper. And the conclusion of the whole matter is that, if General PRIM wishes to carry out the national will, he must devote himself to obtaining from the Cortes a prompt and spontaneous adhesion to the Government of Queen ISABELLA. That HER MAJESTY is not quite confident that her late subject will take this view of the matter may be gathered from her eagerness to enlist on her side the fears of the Emperor of the FRENCH. She points out, in a passage which shows traces of an inspiration indigenous to the soil on which she is writing, that for some years past the family of ORLEANS has striven to overthrow the Empire by stimulating the designs of the Republicans, in the hope that its Princes may ultimately be regarded as the only refuge of French conservatism. The proclamation of a Republic in Spain would be, she argues, an obvious means of producing a similar movement in France; and to the evils that would follow in both countries the same remedy might be applied by the simultaneous entry of the Duke of MONTPESSIER into the Spanish, and the Count of PARIS into the French, capital. There is little prospect that the ex-QUEEN will succeed in either of the objects which have prompted the publication of her pamphlet. If she had not disappointed her former subjects quite so often she might perhaps have the opportunity of disappointing them again; but she has made such liberal use of her privilege in this respect that she must be held to have exhausted her chances. That the Emperor of the FRENCH would gladly interfere to prevent the ORLEANS family from profiting by the Spanish Revolution is likely enough; but if he does so it will be under some more plausible pretext than the restoration of ISABELLA II.

#### AFFAIRS IN NEW ZEALAND.

TO those who dream that the colonies offer no field for the adventurous, the latest letters from New Zealand must have brought a striking disillusion. The Northern Island is apparently on the eve of a war which threatens to be long, disastrous, and costly. The duty of defending it is restricted almost entirely to colonial levies, raised in haste, imperfectly drilled, and possessing few of the moral qualities which can compensate for an absence of discipline. The origin of the conflict is, as usual, to be traced to a land question. A desire to regain possession of confiscated lands excites a tribe in the Northern Island to arms. Unsuccessful resistance and apparent weakness encourage neighbouring tribes to join in the

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attack. A partial revolt begins to assume the character of a general insurrection, and the audacity of the rebels is confirmed by the fears or failures of the colonists. Such is the general outline of a history which may yet have to be written in letters of blood. A more detailed account only serves to show the strength of the natives and the weakness of the colonists.

It appears that on the 7th of September last, Colonel McDONNELL, an officer of some repute among the colonists, led a body of 360 men, of whom 110 were native volunteers, to attack a pah occupied by the followers of the rebel chief, TITOKOWARU. With the exception of the native contingent, the troops were unaccustomed to the bush, no less than to the discipline and privations of war. They had to march amidst thick jungle, over uneven ground, and through the dark forest. After marching from 4 A.M. to noon, they lost their way. It cost them two hours' labour to recover their track, when they came upon some native wharres, into which they fired and killed two men. The sound of their firing alarmed TITOKOWARU and his party, who were resting close at hand. When the colonial force reached his pah, they found it already evacuated. By this time the men had been marching nearly twelve hours. They were hungry, wearied, and dejected. They now entered a gully, and had advanced but a little way when they were fired on by the enemy, who were concealed in the trunks and foliage of trees. The new levies were, of course, at once seized with a panic, broke their line, huddled together, and threw away their arms. All the trepidation which can be caused by want of discipline and want of practice was instantly displayed. There were two courses open to Colonel McDONNELL; one was to assault and take a stockade which was in front of them—the other was to retreat as best he could. The Colonel's decision—a decision which has lost him the repute and popularity which he once enjoyed—was to retreat. But it is one thing to retreat with a disciplined force; another to retreat with a terrified and tumultuous mob. Only eighty men could follow McDONNELL along the only route which was open to them. The remainder fled in all directions. It is on emergencies like these that the capacity of officers is most tried, and their lives are most exposed. We learn that on this occasion the officers did all that could be done. Their efforts were not only vain, but fatal. Unable to rally their men, they fell by the rifles of their invisible foes. Major von TEMPSKY, who seems to have inspired the colonists with a deep respect for his heroic qualities, was killed in a humane endeavour to withdraw a wounded man out of reach of the enemies' fire. Lieutenant HASTINGS, formerly of the 14th Dragoons, who had served in India, was severely wounded at the head of a little band of volunteers whom he had raised himself, and volunteered to lead for three months. He concealed his wound as long as he could, in order to avoid discouraging his followers. At last, worn out by exhaustion, he begged them not to mind him, and "was laid down to die." Captain BUCK and Captain PALMER were also slain. The enemy do not appear to have pursued the force out of the wood. When the roll was called on the following morning it was found that five officers and fourteen men were killed and missing, and twenty-four wounded. It is remarkable that none of the native contingent were wounded. Accustomed to the bush, and to the native mode of fighting, they know how to dodge the enemy's fire—a lesson which European troops learn only by experience, and then only when properly disciplined. Bush-fighting, as those who served in the Caffre war know, is quite a *spécialité* of itself, and, to those who are unused to it, fraught with danger and terror; and especially with that danger which comes of terror.

The results of this discomfiture were just what might have been expected. The defeated troops were thoroughly demoralized. Men whose time of service was expiring refused to serve any longer. Men who had enlisted to serve in a certain definite locality refused to serve out of it. The prevalent disorganization took the form of drunkenness. Some men deserted; others mutinied; and others were disbanded. Ultimately the whole force in the district was reduced to one-half of its original numbers, and that half a miserable, dejected, and disorganized body. The ill result of the expedition exasperated the colonists against its leader, McDONNELL, who, from being a general favourite, became the object of general condemnation. In the want of men, of confidence, of public spirit, and of popular commanders, an inevitable but most dangerous step was taken. Outposts were one by one abandoned, almost in presence of the enemy. The station on the Patea River is the one held by the colonists; it is isolated, and liable to be surrounded by the enemy. The insurgents had, according to the latest accounts, already crossed the river from the province

of Taranaki into that of Wellington. The fear was that they should march South, and get possession of Wanganui. The correspondent of the *Times* speaks of the "patronizing" offers of protection made by the friendly natives to the settlers in this district. That they were as untrustworthy as they were "patronizing" must have been the conviction of every colonist who knows the effect which European failure always produces on the native mind. In the desperate crisis to which they found themselves reduced, they memorialized the Government to retain the solitary English regiment stationed in the colony beyond the period prescribed by the authorities at the Horse Guards. It seems as if the GOVERNOR had acceded to this request, for it is added that two companies of the 18th Regiment were ordered to proceed from Wellington to Wanganui.

Thus it appears that the first engagement of the colonists with the natives was not only not successful, but was ignominiously unsuccessful; that, of the troops concerned in it, the native contingent alone escaped both disaster and panic; that utter fright has seized both the volunteers and civilians on the West Coast; and that the presence of two companies of a regiment of the line is deemed a godsend by the terrified inhabitants of Wanganui. This must be confessed to be a very critical state of things. We do not, of course, apprehend that a general combination of the native chiefs will be organized to drive us out of the Northern Island; still less to oust us from both islands. The increasing disproportion between the number of the colonists and the natives—a disproportion represented as being that of nearly six to one—renders such a result impossible, save in the extreme contingency of a European alliance with the latter. The New Zealand natives will continue to decrease and to disappear under the operation of that mysterious fatality which has hitherto dispensed with the ancillary destructiveness of war. Moreover, there are two reasons why they should not combine. One is, that, if they were all hostile, they could not remain united together for a length of time necessary to effect their purpose. The next is, that some of them are, and always have been, friendly to us. These know that in the end the white man must prevail; and they also know that an alliance with their estranged compatriots must be hollow and brief. But, admitting the only possible issue of a protracted conflict, we cannot blind ourselves to the dangers and horrors which are but too likely to precede the issue. The first militia which marches to meet the enemy will probably be drawn into the bush. There it will be assailed, as in the last case, from the tops and hollows of trees; or it will be entrapped in a ravine and fired on from above. It will lose heart, as McDONNELL's volunteers lost heart, and will carry back disaster and dishonour to the towns whence it had been sent. It must require months to learn the duty of coping with a savage enemy in the bush. There would be another lesson which it would find equally necessary, but more difficult, to learn. Colonists are essentially democratic in their character. They are remarkably chary of deference to authority, especially to authority of local origin and jurisdiction. A man must have the quality of command very strongly impressed on his own character before he can venture to exercise the powers of a military leader over a body of colonists. It would take some time to find the proper leaders; and more time for the leaders, when found, to discipline their followers. Meanwhile the war would go on as wars with barbarian races always do go on. And how this is must be known to all who are familiar with the history of American colonization. The war with the New Zealanders would be like the wars with the Pokanokets and the Narragansetts. There would be the same ambuscades; the same raids on small villages; the same firing of houses; the same captures of women and children; the same terror; not, perhaps, the same barbarity or the same reprisals. There would be the same disunion among the volunteers, the same distrust of their leaders, the same jealousy among the leaders. Without a single regular soldier—for what could two or three companies do in the field?—the war would linger on till all the men in the Northern Island had taken up arms, and were followed by those of the Middle Island; till the military spirit had animated the whole country; and till the whole population was possessed by one idea, that of extirpating "the savages." Then, after years of conflict and cruelty, the wretched natives would be destroyed amid the smouldering elements of a prolonged war, and the honour of the British colonist would be avenged. The prospect is not cheering; but, it is, we fear, the prospect which sooner or later must be confronted by white settlers among alien and barbarous races. At all events, it is better that the war, if war there must be, should be fought out by the colonists themselves at their own

expense, than that we should keep ten thousand regular soldiers in the colony to repel aggressions which we have not provoked, and to protect people who are strong and numerous enough to protect themselves.

## THE COON COMES DOWN.

**M**MR. DISRAELI has not thrown down the cards in a pet; he has done a much more sensible thing. It requires no great familiarity with the tactics of whist to know that when your adversary has a strong hand your only chance is to force it. This is one illustration of the strategical value of the PREMIER's resignation. Another may be found in the subtle and judicious instincts of some of the lower animals. They feign death in order to get within reach of their prey. They roll themselves up into a shapeless, motionless coil, and sham helplessness only to spring upon their victims. By whichever figure we prefer to describe the wily Minister's dodge—for people will only take it for a clever dodge—there is a common feature to either illustration. A clever whist-player, no matter what his hand is, arranges his game a good deal on his estimate of his adversary's temper and style of play. And it is much the same where the fox or the cat, in fable or in fact, stretch themselves out as dead to get the chickens, or the mice, within pounce. Mr. GLADSTONE is just the temper to fall in with these ingenious devices. Mr. DISRAELI wants him to show his hand, and to play out all his trumps, and it is pretty certain that he will play them. Ace and King and Queen must make three certain tricks, and then comes in the sole chance for the weak hand. It is not quite certain that this little game may not answer; and Mr. GLADSTONE is perhaps the rash player to try it on with. We only do Mr. DISRAELI justice when we say that we admire this policy. Never mind that it is sharp practice; it is the only possible game. We believe that it will not succeed, but it has at least a certain plausible promise of success. No doubt we were all taken by surprise as the rumour spread on Wednesday afternoon that the Ministers had resolved to resign. If we could but get at the inner working of the Cabinet, it is possible that the Dukes and Secretaries were about as much surprised as the outsiders. There was that splendid audacity about the policy that must have taken the very breath out of the PREMIER's colleagues, and there was really nothing to say against it, especially when there was nobody to say anything. Whether Mr. DISRAELI revealed the full significance and deep craft and inner purpose of the resolution he had taken, or whether he only favoured his colleagues with an oral version of the remarkable communication which he has addressed to his followers through the newspapers, he and they best know. What he has to say in public justification of this step must, from the nature of the case, be a mere cloud of rhetorical dust. As he cannot announce his real purpose, the less that he says about his fictitious and simulated motives the better. And he says little enough. The dishonour of meeting a hostile Parliament is one to which the Ministerial mind might be supposed to have indurated itself, and a strict Constitutional might have paused before he leapt to the conclusion that the formal legal sense of Parliament on any question could be pronounced in any other way than by a solemn vote, or in any other place than its House of Assembly. But Mr. DISRAELI will say that his honour is too bright and sensitive to be sullied by such pedantic scruples as these. A BAYARD does not stumble and fumble with punctilio of this technical sort. He knows, because all the world knows—informally, it may be, and unconstitutionally, but still very practically—that he has not the confidence of the country; not “a single ‘day,’ therefore, must be suffered to elapse with honour tarnished. As soon as this fact forced itself on Mr. DISRAELI's conviction, he acted on it, and that instantly. Nothing can sound better; but more than a single day, cynics will not be slow to observe, had passed before he acted upon what must have been as certain and as clear ten days ago as it is now. And that interval has seen a good deal of packing up in the household. A peerage here, a batch of baronetcies there, a private secretary provided for, Crown livings filled up, the perquisites and hoardings of office distributed, and all the broken meat of the Treasury served out, looked very like a conviction “that we must be in a minority” arrived at something before December 2. But this was the only justification that looked plausible. And it is plausible. It brings in a loyal regard for the QUEEN's personal comfort, it suggests a magnanimous deference to the incoming Minister's convenience, it affects a generous consideration for the conduct of Parliamentary business.

The core and kernel of this move on Mr. DISRAELI's part is the unquestionable advantage it gives him by saving him the difficult task of constructing the QUEEN's Speech, and by forcing it on his adversary. Everybody has said that Mr. GLADSTONE's real difficulties will begin when he takes office. With an amiable solicitude for his successor, the outgoing Premier has managed that Mr. GLADSTONE's difficulties should begin before he takes office. For Mr. DISRAELI to launch a Government programme and to be turned out by an amendment of six simple words, of which disestablishment was the substance, would have been delightfully easy work for Mr. GLADSTONE. His majority is pledged to disestablishment, very pure and very simple, but to nothing else. Mr. DISRAELI may have calculated, and perhaps he may have calculated justly, that if the QUEEN's Speech is to be elaborated by Mr. GLADSTONE, it will and must contain a good deal more than mere disestablishment. But it is to disestablishment, and to nothing else—to no distribution scheme, to no breakfast-table economy, to no reforming the Reform Bill, to no cutting down the army and navy, to no Gladstonism above, beyond, or below disestablishment of the Irish Church, that Mr. GLADSTONE's followers are pledged. Mr. DISRAELI may astutely calculate that Mr. GLADSTONE's difficulties may perhaps begin on his own Address in answer to his own QUEEN's Speech. And perhaps he will turn out to be right. Voluble, earnest, transparent, vehement, impetuous, it will be very strange indeed if Mr. GLADSTONE, flushed with success, does not say, even in the august person of Majesty, something which were just as well, if not better, left unsaid—if he does not drop some hints which may unsettle timid and doubtful allies, something to alarm people, or puzzle everybody. Mr. DISRAELI knows his great adversary, and plays up to his play. And more than this, Mr. DISRAELI knows not only Mr. GLADSTONE, but the significant character of the new House. They are Gladstonites; but they represent Gladstonism with much of the Gladstone left out; as the boy said of the Yorkshire pudding—there is no Yorkshire in it, that is, half the eggs are omitted. The constituencies, where they have returned Liberal representatives, have preferred the dullest, least revolutionary, and most intelligible of the candidates. They have, after the manner of the English, only been able to grasp a single idea, that of disestablishment—one solid, condensed, and explicit enough; which may mean a great deal, but which also may mean very little. The constituencies have declined to canvass what will come of this disestablishment. There is probably not a single member elected who ventured to say that he accepted Irish disestablishment because he meant it to be the lever by which to shake down the whole Church and State arrangements of the Empire. Had any candidate said this, he would to a certainty never have been elected. But a Government cannot exist on a single isolated stroke of policy. Mr. GLADSTONE is no fool; but when any man's bolt, be he fool or not, is sped, he ought to have another in his quiver. Mr. GLADSTONE cannot retain office on a solitary claim to confidence; and at present all that is known about his Ministerial policy is that single and weighty, but still single, fact of disestablishment. Whatever may be thought of Mr. DISRAELI's policy, Mr. GLADSTONE is the statesman of all others to give it the best, however slight, chances of success.

To Mr. DISRAELI's supporters his resignation must be disappointing in at least one respect. It certainly does not look chivalrous. They had, perhaps, if any of the old Tory spirit survives, promised themselves the noble satisfaction of being stormed out of the citadel. Perhaps, in their old cavalier way, they had dreamed of manning the deadly breach, and of dying sword in hand. They can, perhaps, hardly appreciate the policy of stealing out of Sebastopol by the north side, and abandoning to the enemy an undefended Treasury Bench. They will be slow to understand—it is their stupid way to be slow to understand—a fictitious retreat. They may fear that it is a very real one. Mr. DISRAELI, who is, after all, a better captain, knows that he has a RUPERT to deal with, and after all his little game may possibly answer. Few people, we fear, will treat it as other than a little game. It is clever, audacious, crafty, and has a kind of promise in it. The change in character on the versatile Minister's part is, it may be, a trifle too sudden and extravagant. The coon who meekly comes down from the tree to save the hunter the trouble and expense of powder and shot is hardly so exciting in the way of mere sport as the same coon wriggling, scratching, biting, and yelping to the very last. As it is, we rather smile at Mr. DISRAELI; whereas we might have sympathized with him had he died in the grim and heady fight, hurling invectives at his detested foe. But then, some-

how, one always does laugh, sometimes at, sometimes with, Mr. DISRAELI. It is his *métier* to produce a chuckle, not always, nor altogether, unappreciative. The LORD commanded the unjust steward because he had done wisely—that is, acutely, sharply, cleverly. We all laughed with Mr. DISRAELI when, on Lord Mayor's Day, with such audacious humour he announced his next appearance, knowing, as he did, that the place would know him no more. And Mr. DISRAELI chuckled the more because he knew that we were all laughing too. It is just the same now that the three weeks are gone. We laughed with and at Mr. DISRAELI defiant; we laugh with and at Mr. DISRAELI deferential. Mr. DISRAELI knows that he is chaffing us and his friends and himself, and this is the real relish of the thing. If it is not chivalry, it is first-rate melodrama, and chivalry at the Surrey Theatre is better than no chivalry at all; at any rate it is twice as humorous as Mr. GLADSTONE's heavy father. It is not quite the same thing as pure patriotism, spotless political integrity, and a generous application of the finer uses of adversity; but it is a very fair imitation of it. Electrotype has its function in the great economy of things; and Mr. DISRAELI's is really the very best electrotype that Birmingham ever turned out. After me the Deluge, was, they used to say, Lord PALMERSTON's presage of what was to come, after he and office parted. Mr. DISRAELI has anticipated the cataclysm, and turned on the deluge from his own private tap.

Our enemies have beat us to the pit :  
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us—

This was but commonplace heroism after all, and BRUTUS was no such very dignified suicide for killing himself after Philippi, and when he could not help it. Mr. DISRAELI is a better artist, because he reverses the process; he has got all the glory and credit of self-immolation, and means to try his Philippi all in good time.

#### THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND THE PRESS.

THE Third of December is past, and the Imperial throne is still unshaken. If the recent action of the French Government is any index to its real sentiments, the first feeling of the authorities on waking yesterday morning ought to have been one of thankful relief. For a month past France has been kept in a state of intermittent excitement, obsolete laws have been revived, press prosecutions have become a matter of everyday occurrence, the wildest rumours have enjoyed an unusual amount of credit—and all this because the Government thought it necessary to prevent a manifestation at Montmartre on the anniversary of M. BAUDIN's death. An evil the prevention of which requires such extraordinary precautions is not certainly averted until it is rendered physically impossible. The utmost care of the authorities could not achieve this supreme security unless some redistribution of the region of earthquakes should bring about a convulsion in which Montmartre might disappear altogether. M. BAUDIN's grave must continue to form a possible centre of "manceuvres" and "excitations." But though the place is stationary, the time is not; and a visit to a cemetery has no political character except when it is connected with an anniversary. As it turns out, the 3rd of December has been only too quiet. The Democratic leaders had done their utmost to prevent the Paris workmen from giving fresh provocation to a Government which has already received enough provocation to answer all the purposes of the Opposition, and the visitors to Montmartre seem, with scarcely an exception, to have been merely idlers and sight-seers. An energetic Commissioner of Police was fortunately on the spot to give the proceedings that air of reality which they might otherwise have wanted. The crowds that loitered about the cemetery during the early morning supplied him with an excuse for clearing the ground and forbidding further entrance. To walk up and down before the gates then became the amusement of the day, and when this had gone on for some time, it was in its turn raised to the dignity of a political manifestation by the sudden interference of the police. In this way the authorities were able to display their devotion to the Empire without committing themselves to any further action in the future. They may, of course, design to win additional triumphs in the Correctional Police Court; and the same reasoning which has induced that obsequious tribunal to declare the opening of a subscription list a *manceuvre* would no doubt induce it to invest with the same mysterious guilt the act of gazing—in concert—through an iron railing. Perhaps, however, the trials which have already taken place have sufficiently answered the purpose of the Government,

and in that case the law will not on the present occasion receive this additional and appropriate development.

The second prosecution of the Paris press suggests, when taken in connexion with the first, an explanation of the EMPEROR's conduct which, whatever may be its real merits, is at least as good as any which has been hazarded by his admirers. The one conspicuous result to which the trials have hitherto led is the providing the Opposition in the Corps Législatif with two new candidates at the next election. M. GAMBETTA's speech on the first occasion is said to have secured his return as one of the deputies for Paris, and now M. WEISS has unexpectedly been enabled to prove that he is not less vigorous as a speaker than he has already shown himself as a writer. The trial in the Correctional Police Court has allowed him to address a far larger audience than he can command in the *Journal de Paris*, and the reputation he has gained by the accident of having to defend himself is just of a kind to stand him in stead with the Liberal electors. It argues a very keen sense, on the part of the EMPEROR, of the value of freedom of debate, that he should thus make opportunities for the Opposition candidates to exhibit themselves before the French public. The second trial gave rise to no such outburst of revolutionary eloquence as the speech of M. GAMBETTA at the first. But the cool sarcasms of M. DUFRAURE and M. WEISS were perhaps still more pleasing to educated Paris, and still more irritating to a Government which can ill afford to be made ridiculous. The law of *manceuvres* is one which gives especial occasion for this mode of treatment. M. DUFRAURE took for his text the impossibility of identifying the Imperial Government with the Government against which M. BAUDIN fought. Upon this point the forensic and the political requirements of the Government were hopelessly at issue. The former made it necessary to identify the author of the *coup d'état* with the existing ruler of France; the latter seem rather to demand that the claims of the Empire should be rested, as far as possible, on the subsequent *plebiscite*, without reference to the reign of force which gave occasion for that *plebiscite* to be taken. In choosing the former alternative, the Government has again connected the name of NAPOLEON III. with all the associations which hang round the opening days of December. By so doing, it has secured a partial and temporary triumph at the cost of reviving and perpetuating memories which it might have been expected willingly to let sleep. A reason why the *Journal de Paris* was included in the second prosecution may perhaps be found in the supposed sympathies of its conductors. It was made a ground of special complaint against M. WEISS by the Imperial advocate that he used the office of his paper as a centre of Orleanist agitation, and in this character the *Journal de Paris* is no doubt especially obnoxious to the French authorities. Democratic movements they are prepared for, and in keeping them down they think they may rely on the terrified co-operation of the citizen population. But the Orleanists can hardly be dealt with in the same way, unless the average well-to-do Frenchman can be brought to confound in a common condemnation all attempts to modify the system on which France is now governed. If he thinks the Orleanist opposition is recklessly playing with the edged tools of Democracy, there is a chance of his taking this view, and this may possibly account for a part of the singularly inexplicable policy which has recently been pursued towards the press.

The BAUDIN affair has most interest for Englishmen in its bearing upon the foreign policy of the Empire. It is not likely that Lord STANLEY on his retirement will leave England committed to any definite scheme of mediation between France and Prussia. But that the EMPEROR is anxious to find some way out of the difficulties of the last two years which shall repair the prestige of France on the Continent without involving him in the costly chances of a war, is very likely indeed. The motives which have usually led NAPOLEON III. to keep the thoughts of his subjects fixed on foreign affairs have never been more urgent than at present. The restrictive features of the Imperial system at home have again become unpleasantly prominent, and this time there are no military successes to which he can point by way of compensation. Unless the position of the Government undergoes some change before the general election next May, there is no saying what amount of dissatisfaction may not be evinced by the constituencies, or what amount of independence may not in consequence be displayed by the Corps Législatif. At the same time the reasons against a war increase in weight with every year the EMPEROR lives. We have before pointed out that the arts which found a throne are not those that transmit

it most surely to a minor. The EMPEROR can hardly be anxious to leave the PRINCE IMPERIAL heir to a contest in which defeat is sure to recoil on himself, while success may only accrue to the benefit of others. These considerations certainly favour the reports which have been recently in circulation that the EMPEROR's present object is to obtain for the Treaty of Prague some such sanction as was afforded by the Congress of Vienna to the settlement of 1815. He has been too instrumental in breaking up this latter arrangement to have much faith in the permanence of anything of the sort; but, if collective Europe could be got to guarantee the existing distribution of territory in Germany, it would get the EMPEROR out of his present difficulties, and give a degree of stability to the European system to which it has been long a stranger. Whether, indeed, it would be possible so to reconcile conflicting interests as by one and the same act to ensure the *status quo* in Germany from violation, either against the interest, or through the agency, of the smaller States; to give satisfaction to Denmark, and to leave the position of Prussia such that she would have no motive for keeping altogether aloof from the settlement—may well be doubted. That the arrangement—supposing it to be feasible—might effect a substantial improvement in the condition of affairs in Europe is obvious. The most immediate causes of war would be removed, a large measure of disarmament would be rendered possible, confidence would be restored, and the material and financial prosperity of Europe might make a fresh start. Unfortunately, these pleasing visions require for their fulfilment a degree of disinterestedness and enlightenment of which Europe does not as yet seem possessed. In a very general sense, indeed, the advantage of one State is the advantage of all, but until the advent of an international millennium each separate Continental Government will continue to cherish special designs of its own, which would be seriously interfered with by the restoration of any effectual system of balanced powers. That some such restoration is desirable we have no wish to deny; but the result will hardly be achieved except by statesmen more disinterested than the Emperor of the FRENCH, and more far-sighted than the usual run of English Foreign Secretaries.

#### NOVA SCOTIAN POLITICS.

FROM the commencement of the Repeal agitation in Nova Scotia we have never doubted that the practical good sense of the colonists would ultimately lead them to a sensible conclusion. That they had a real ground of complaint against their own leading politicians and their Legislature for pledging the Province to a scheme which was not approved, perhaps because it was not understood, by the majority, was acknowledged by all impartial friends of the Confederation movement; but practical men who feel that they have a grievance will prefer to apply such remedies as are possible to wasting their energies on barren agitation. All the agitation in the world will fail to undo what has been done, because the interests affected are so various that there is no single power competent to cut or untie the knot. And, as we anticipated, the Nova Scotian remonstrants are beginning to see this, and to direct their efforts to the improvement of their position in the Dominion, instead of indulging in the hopeless dream of an impossible Repeal. If they had been Irishmen, they might have gone on shouting for Repeal for half a century, and would have found themselves at last where they were when they began; but the pioneers of the backwoods and the mechanics of the Atlantic ports are too shrewd to miss the substance while plunging after the shadow, and though their feelings of indignation are not yet cooled down, they are sufficiently amenable to reason to see that by judicious negotiation they may make their grievance do them the best of service by ameliorating the conditions under which they have been admitted into the Confederation.

A letter by Mr. HOWE—the leader, if not the creator, of the Repeal agitation—which has been published in the Canadian papers, affords very satisfactory proof that we did not give the Nova Scotians credit for more good sense than they possess. As soon as the discontent of the little Province became known, there were plenty of American politicians who thought they saw a grand opportunity of detaching what is perhaps the most important section of the new Dominion from its allegiance, and the most cordial invitations were covertly sent to the malcontents to proclaim secession and throw in their lot with the United States. As the taxation and tariff of the United States were ten times as burdensome as those which formed the chief ground of complaint against the Dominion, there would have been nothing very attractive in such an invitation even

if the Nova Scotians had been able and willing to "cut away" "from the apron strings of the good old mother QUEEN," as their Yankee friends advised them to do. The upshot was that, beyond a few insincere hints at annexation by some of the extreme members of the Repeal party, who soon found themselves compelled to disclaim any disloyal intentions, the project which had been hatched in the United States was wholly without influence on the Nova Scotians. If they were discontented they were neither disloyal nor idiotic, and they must have been both to desire absorption in the Great Republic. It seems, however, that the Washington sympathizers could not bear to give up their vain aspirations, and one of them accordingly wrote to Mr. Howe to inquire whether he had really abandoned his opposition. The reply does the highest credit to the plain good sense and genuine patriotism of the Nova Scotian leader, and proves that he has more in him than goes to make up the character of the ordinary demagogue. Mr. Howe tells his American correspondent in the first place, that the Nova Scotians will listen to no suggestions of civil war or rebellion; and that he, of all men in whom the people of the Province have so fully confided, will be too careful of his and their reputation to plunge the country into an idle insurrection. He ridicules, as any man of ordinary intelligence must ridicule, the idea that Great Britain could or would hand over the seaboard of the newly-formed Dominion to a rival, and not always friendly, Power. He dwells on all the efforts of himself and his party for the last two years to obtain the repeal of the British American Act, admits that they have failed, and is obviously conscious that they could not possibly have succeeded. In this situation he says that he would be justified in laying down his arms and abandoning the struggle, but that he had determined nevertheless to labour on, in the interests of his country, to strive "to make the best of a bad business, and to recover what may be recovered out of the 'wreck of the old provincial organization.'" One can pardon the lurking bitterness of such language for the sterling common sense of the policy proposed.

Mr. HOWE proceeds to explain in detail the three peaceful courses which remain open to the people of Nova Scotia. The first—which he mentions rather, it would seem, out of regard to the feelings of his associates than with any idea that it presents a feasible solution—is to make one more appeal to the new Government and Parliament of England. If he is not already convinced that this course can lead to no result he will see, when he knows as much as we do of the constitution of the reformed House of Commons, that on such matters its action will be identical with that of its predecessor, and that it can but meet any proposal to repeal the Act of Confederation with the same decided but not unsympathizing refusal which it encountered before. Nor can any change of Government in the smallest degree affect the certainty of this result. The Nova Scotians could not have a more zealous advocate than Mr. BRIGHT has proved himself to be, but if Mr. BRIGHT were Colonial Minister it would be as impossible for him as for any other statesman to break faith with the other Provinces of the Dominion by introducing a measure to destroy the union which the colonists themselves have created. Failing this resource Mr. Howe has still two lines of action to propose—one to revive the scheme of a legislative union of all the Maritime Provinces; the other, to negotiate for a readjustment of the terms on which Nova Scotia became part of the Confederation. These two plans are not necessarily inconsistent. A legislative union of the Maritime Provinces outside of the Dominion would, of course, be as impossible as repeal of the Confederation Act in any other shape; but there is no reason why, if terms can be arranged, the four small Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward Island should not be united so as to constitute a single Province of the Dominion. There are some considerations which seem to point to this as a desirable arrangement. It would diminish the extreme disproportion which now exists between the population and representation of the different sections of the Dominion, and though the four united Provinces would still be much smaller than either Quebec or Toronto, their advantage of position would go far to neutralize any inferiority of numbers, and to give them all the weight they could desire in the Ottawa Parliament. There is no reason to suppose that the Canadians would offer any opposition to such a proposal; and though two of the four Maritime Provinces have as yet declined to enter the Confederation, and Nova Scotia herself is at present a reluctant member of it, the desire for closer union among themselves is so strong that it may not improbably suffice to overcome the waning objections to the Dominion which still lurk in the minds of the outlying popu-

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lations of Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island. It would probably take some time to mature such a policy; but if it commends itself to those most immediately concerned, there is no reason why it should not be ultimately carried into effect. In any case, however, whether as a separate province or in absolute union with others, it is open to Nova Scotia to negotiate for such modifications of the terms of union as she can show to be reasonable, and everything which has passed proves the readiness of the Dominion Ministers and of the Canadian people to meet such proposals in a generous and statesman-like spirit.

When we see that the same policy is recommended by the British Parliament, by the Government of the Dominion, and by the leader of the Nova Scotian Repealers himself, we should be greatly wanting in faith if we doubted of its ultimate triumph. It is very possible that some of the zealots whom Mr. Howe has inflamed may refuse to follow him when he offers counsels of wisdom and moderation, but it will be strange if he does not carry with a sufficient strength to constitute, in conjunction with the bulk of the Unionists, who form a not insignificant minority of the Province, a party of overwhelming strength able to do justice to the fair claims of the Province. The conclusion of Mr. Howe's letter deserves to be quoted *verbatim*:—“Let us hear ‘no more,’ he says, ‘of fanciful projects and impossible remedies, whether they come from imprudent people in our midst or good-natured friends beyond the borders. Nova Scotians have established some reputation for common sense; let us exert it attempting only the possible. The future is in the hands of God, who has tried and may yet try us severely. Let us not forfeit his protection by follies akin to madness, but set resolutely about, each in his own way and according to his gifts, the work that remains to be done, and that we can attempt without dishonour.’” The Nova Scotians must be made of good sterling stuff to produce an agitator of so national a type.

#### THE AMERICAN MINISTER AT BIRMINGHAM.

MR. REVERDY JOHNSON'S speech at Birmingham naturally took a more defensive tone than is often adopted by diplomats. A Minister usually says little of himself, and merges his own personality in that of the nation he represents. Circumstances, however, have made it almost necessary for Mr. JOHNSON to depart from this traditional rule. The question whether he is a true exponent of American feeling towards England has been raised with unusual directness, and it was hardly possible for this fact to be left altogether unnoticed. His answer virtually is that he is the exponent of American feeling as it ought to be. He is proud that he has taken every hand that has been offered to him, “without regard to the opinions any man might have held during the ‘late unhappy contest.’” Self-respect, he justly considers, would have prevented him from acting in a different way. “To have done otherwise would have been equally foolish and ‘ungentlemanly,’ and if there are any persons, either in England or the United States, who shall think proper to pronounce judgment against him, he is prepared, ‘in the language of the lawyers, to assign their total disqualification by nature to ‘entertain and decide the question.’” Mr. JOHNSON is no doubt right in holding that those who wish that the passions which raged during the American war should not be suffered to die out with the hostilities that provoked them are not competent to form an opinion of his conduct. But the correctness of a conclusion is not necessarily a warrant for the prudence of expressing it, and in the interests of Mr. JOHNSON's mission we may be permitted to regret that he should so frankly have told all who differ from him that they are not gentlemen. Natural disqualification may be a good plea in law, but when the jurors are the judges of their own capacity it can be of little use to urge it. That Mr. JOHNSON has “tried to remove prejudices, to extinguish enmities, and to strengthen friendship,” will certainly not be questioned in this country; but if the fact that he has so understood his mission has made him in any degree unpopular in the United States, it might have been wiser not to give shape to the sentiment by the public censure of those who hold it. Politicians who affect to draw general conclusions from minute variations of expression may perhaps contend that Mr. JOHNSON's speech on Wednesday showed his belief in an immediate settlement of the *Alabama* question to be somewhat less positive than it was. There has been time enough for him to have received the sanction of his Government, at least to the general principles on which the *Alabama* claims are understood to be adjusted; and, after the doubts which have been expressed in some

quarters, he might naturally have repeated his assurance in more detail had he felt certain that he was in a position to do so. What he did say, however, was sufficiently to the purpose. If “the causes of difference” between the two countries have been removed, it is a matter of secondary importance whether they have been removed in the precise way which has lately been stated. That the negotiation may have somewhat changed its form in the course of its being referred to Washington is not improbable. Indeed, the statement that the two Governments had agreed to submit the question of liability to arbitration was always a little puzzling, since Mr. SEWARD had all along adhered, as a necessary preliminary of such a reference, to a condition which had been definitively declined by LORD STANLEY no longer ago than last spring. The precise terms of the proposed settlement, and the chances of its ultimate confirmation, cannot as yet be positively known beyond the Foreign Office and the Department of State at Washington.

It was characteristic of Mr. BRIGHT that, at a meeting the professed object of which was to celebrate the removal of sundry rocks of offence, he should have taken occasion to repeat his statement that, “though we had a legal right to ‘recognise the belligerent rights of the South, we had no ‘moral right to do it at the precise time, or in the precise manner, in which it was done.’” There is no occasion to re-argue a question upon which the two countries had much better agree to differ, but it would have been only candid in Mr. BRIGHT to have mentioned that the position maintained by the British Government throughout the negotiations is one which leaves no room for the distinction which is here drawn. England has always asserted that the concession of belligerent rights to the South was not a matter on which she had any option. It was the natural and necessary sequel of an act done at Washington. According to this view, President LINCOLN's proclamation of blockade did more than give us a legal or even a moral right to do as we did. By furnishing us with conclusive evidence of a state of war, it made any other course impossible, unless we had been prepared to take the heavy responsibility of refusing to recognise the blockade. Of course the British Government may not have been justified by international law in affixing this stringent interpretation to the proclamation. That is a point upon which jurists may argue for some time. Mr. BRIGHT's error is, not that he thinks differently from his Government, but that he refuses to see that, even if they are wrong in their interpretation, the fact that the point is still unsettled—not to mention the further fact that it has all but been settled in their favour—ought in justice to have saved them from this particular charge. The English Government has a right not to be wrongly accused, even when it is the Government of the United States that is to profit by the misrepresentation.

An American journalist has written at great length in the *Daily News* with the view of disproving the current opinion in this country “that much of the American exasperation against ‘England which survived the war has lately been smoothed away.’” If Mr. SMALLEY has not proved his case, he has at any rate shown strong reasons for suspecting the correctness of the popular conclusion. It seems certain that the American public, so far as it is represented by the leading newspapers, has been extremely irritated by what one of the mildest of his critics calls “the peculiar and undiscriminating affability” of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON's language. It cannot forgive an American Minister for having friendly relations, even at table, with Mr. ROEBUCK or Mr. LAIRD. Mr. SMALLEY, who lives in England, and therefore might have been expected to appreciate more accurately the value of after-dinner courtesies, evidently thinks this irritation perfectly legitimate. He even puts a parallel case, and asks us how Englishmen would have felt “if ‘Sir FREDERICK BRUCE, when Minister at Washington, had met STEPHENS, the Fenian head-centre, at dinner, had asked to be introduced to him, and lavished expressions of ‘friendship upon him’?’” A comparison of this sort implies a view of the subject which it is difficult to treat as a matter for serious argument. It may be best not to dwell on the difference of status between the Irish Fenians and the American Confederates, or to urge that the right of secession was one which, before the war, had been asserted by some of the ablest American statesmen, and, in theory at least, had been an article of faith with a great political party. Somehow or other, the merest suggestion to this effect seems to constitute a peculiar provocation to writers of Mr. SMALLEY's school. But it may be allowable to point out that the Fenians are still the open and avowed enemies of Great Britain, whereas the Southern States have laid down their arms, and are either restored or in process of being restored to their place in the Union. An Austrian Minister would hardly in 1852 have objected

to meet an English member of Parliament because during the war between Austria and Hungary in 1849 he had sympathized actively with Kossuth. And surely, both in material strength and constitutional claims, the position of Hungary in 1849 supplies a closer parallel to that of the Southern States during the war than any which can be found among the Fenians. Nor is this the only point on which the alleged analogy breaks down. Even at the worst, Mr. JOHNSON has only had to meet Englishmen who sympathized with the South, while the English Minister at Washington must have been fortunate in his company if he has not often to meet Americans whom he knew to be sympathizers, not with an extinct rebellion, but with one in actual progress. The frank and hearty zeal which Mr. JOHNSON has uniformly shown in promoting peace and friendship between England and the United States certainly deserves a better return than it appears to have met with from some at least of his own countrymen. The admission that English politicians had a perfect right to take which side they chose in the late war, and to give effect, within legal bounds, to their preference for either cause, is obviously an indispensable condition of any genuine good feeling towards us on the part of the American people. Whether in any given case these legal bounds were overpassed is another question. But it is surely possible to maintain the affirmative without denying to Englishmen that free expression of sympathy which, so far as we know, no American has ever thought himself bound to repress.

#### COMPARATIVE MORALITY.

IT may almost be said to be the watchword of the school of which Strauss and Renan are the foremost representatives, that "the moral contents of Christianity" are alone of any real importance. The dogmatic casket in which the jewel has hitherto been enshrined may have had its uses in a rude and superstitious age; it may even now be useful for the vulgar herd who still believe that the gold sanctifies the temple, and would care little for the imperishable laws of right if it were not for the assumed sanction of a picturesque but perishable creed. But to the thinking man these unproven or impossible beliefs are but as the idols of the theatre or the cave, the rhapsodies of a feminine enthusiasm, or the ravings of a disordered brain. Upright action is the one thing needful, and that is quite independent of the forms of religious thought. And here the theory of life to which we are referring branches out into two main divisions at direct issue with each other. Both the writers just named—certainly the first of them—would include in the category of false or doubtful beliefs theism and a future life. Strauss has emphatically asserted the latter to be impossible. There are those, on the other hand, who insist no less strenuously that a belief in God, immortality, and a high moral ideal are indispensable for healthy moral action. So much as this, they proceed to tell us, is held in common at least by all who call themselves Christians, and is capable of being sufficiently demonstrated without reference to the claims of any alleged revelation, or the authority whether of written documents or of Churches. And all beyond this, which forms the battle-ground of rival sects, is not only uncertain, but is shown to be unimportant from its having no necessary bearing on conduct. Catholic and Protestant, Churchman and Dissenter, Trinitarian, Unitarian, and Deist, live much as other men, and in point of morality there is little to choose between them. We find good men and bad men in every sect, and we do not find in any an exclusive aristocracy of virtue. And for this very reason, it will be added, we have learnt to discard religious tests as passports to privilege or office among our citizens. Roman Catholics and Protestants sit side by side in Parliament and on the judicial Bench. We have even had a Jew Lord Mayor. The members of different sects and Churches mix on equal terms in the courtesies and the charities of social or domestic life. And from all this it is inferred that it would be our wisdom to merge our theological differences, and to understand that, whatever may be the speculative interest of the controversies which have so long disturbed the Christian world, it cannot be of the slightest practical consequence to himself or any one else which of the many opinions in dispute between rival sectaries this or that person may see fit to adopt. In short, we are brought back pretty much to the comfortable optimism of Pope's famous couplet, and are advised to leave "graceless zealots" to wrangle over their jarring "forms of faith," well assured that no such paltry distinctions have any bearing on rectitude of life. We may take on our lips, not as the utterance of a cynical despair, but as the dictate of a mature wisdom, the sceptical maxim, "there's nothing new, and there's nothing true, and it doesn't signify at all." With a difference however; of controverted opinions many may be new, and, by the law of contradiction, some must be true. But nobody can obtain any reasonable certainty on such matters, and that fact is enough to prove that nobody would be the better for it if he could. It will not be denied that this is a very common way of looking at things in our own day, and is often tacitly assumed by those who would shrink from putting it into words, and who perhaps have never themselves distinctly recognised the principles

from which they habitually argue. One of the ablest of our daily journals observed, for instance, the other day that the convictions about human conduct implied in the general tone of society and the language of our public men are absolutely incompatible with the formal dogmas of every Church and sect in Christendom. This may be an over-statement, but it points to a phenomenon which no one of the most ordinary powers of observation can have failed to notice. It becomes, therefore, a matter of some interest to inquire how far such an estimate of religious obligations is justified by reason and by facts.

And here two questions at once rise to the surface. In the first place, it may fairly be asked whether, on the hypothesis of a revelation being given, it is not quite conceivable that some beliefs and practices—as, for instance, the practice of prayer—may be required by the Creator, which His creatures would have failed to discover, and are still unable to authenticate, by their own unaided reason; and whether, if so, it is not of great importance to them to know what these beliefs and practices are, quite apart from their bearing on the duties and employments of ordinary life? In the next place, it may be asked whether it is really true that the nature of a man's religious belief has, generally speaking, no appreciable effect on his character and conduct. The first question, which could hardly be discussed without trespassing on directly theological ground, we shall not meddle with here, further than to observe by the way that those who profess to accept a revelation cannot logically assume as self-evident that it includes no doctrines or duties which could not have been known and cannot be proved without it. Neither do we propose entering on any detailed discussion with those who maintain, like Strauss, that the "moral contents" of the Gospel may advantageously be divorced from all belief in immortality and a personal God. It is so certain and so notorious that, without holding these rudimentary beliefs in some shape or other, not one man in ten thousand, to speak within measure, will, as a fact, care to follow any higher law than that of selfish inclination, that it is mere waste of words to argue about the right and wrong of it. But we may go a step further, and add, what few people will be disposed to deny, that without belief in a God there is no room for the idea of sin. If it be true, as is asserted by some who have made the writings of Plato their life-long study, that the idea of sin is nowhere to be found in them, this would be a striking confirmation of the statement: though we should be quite prepared to find that they are mistaken, and that the doubtful passages about the Deity in his works are to be interpreted in a theistic rather than a pantheistic sense. It is quite certain that the Stoics, whose genuine creed was pantheism, rejected the notion of sin. Leaving then this purely speculative aspect of the inquiry, we come to the theory of comparative morality as stated by those who practically confine themselves to the case of professing Christians. Is it true that a man's character is not perceptibly affected by any particular doctrines he may hold beyond that minimum of belief which is common to all forms of nominal Christianity, and which has been summed up by advocates of this view under the threefold category of theism, a future life, and the moral ideal of the life of Christ? A difficulty might, indeed, be raised at starting on the last point. For if the ideal is to be accepted as having an actual existence—and its practical value depends mainly on this—we must satisfy ourselves about the authenticity of the Gospel narratives, and then a whole host of questions at once start up as to what they teach. Some writers of great name who look at the matter *ab extra* have insisted, like Mr. Francis Newman, that unless the doctrine of Christ's Divinity be accepted, the ideal is a faulty one; and thus we are plunged at once into one of the most fundamental controversies of Christian theology. It is clear, at all events, that the ideal cannot be prominently dwelt upon unless it is to be something more than an ideal; and then we are brought across differences of opinion as to its significance, whereas our present concern is with that standard of religious belief which is common to all professing Christians in the widest sense of the word—that is, a belief in God and immortality. The question may be stated thus:—Are Christians, to whatever sect they belong, distinguishable from other men by broad moral characteristics, but indistinguishable from each other? In other words, Do those points of belief on which they are all agreed, and which form the first and last articles of the Apostles' Creed, exercise a controlling influence on the whole life, and do those on which they differ exercise little or none? What theological inferences may hinge on the answer to this inquiry is a separate point of consideration; we are here concerned only with the facts.

Now it is necessary to determine what is to be the basis of our comparison. Are we to deal with individuals, or with masses? For hopeless confusion will be introduced into the argument if this point is not clearly defined. No doubt individuals of the highest character and most exalted piety may be found in various Christian communions; but they may be found also, and have been found, beyond the pale of Christianity altogether. St. Augustine says that the Christian religion existed from the beginning of the world, and Tertullian speaks of good men among the heathen having "the testimony of a conscience naturally Christian." Both Tertullian and St. Jerome call Seneca, when they refer to him, *Seneca noster*, as though they regarded him as a kind of implicit Christian, and the Council of Tours quotes his authority with the deference shown to a Father of the Church. Plato and Aristotle were treated with an almost idolatrous reverence in the middle ages. Who, again, can deny that Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius are very like Christian Saints? If, therefore,

we are to base any argument on individual cases, the area chosen is too narrow. Many besides Christians have believed, dimly perhaps, but with a very practical belief, in a righteous Deity, and a world beyond the grave; and some few, like Seneca, who had no such belief, have attained in many respects to a higher standard of morality than a great number of those who never dreamt of doubting any article of the creed. But we cannot generalize from individuals any more than we can legislate for them. So many disturbing causes come in to account for the result in this or that particular case, that any general inference would be eminently unsafe. As we said just now, not one man in a thousand—we might, perhaps, have said in a million—will set a high ideal of moral action before himself when he has no belief in a moral Ruler of the universe. But Seneca was one of the excepted few. Neither, again, will men ordinarily have any such firm grasp on the doctrines of theism or future retribution as can materially influence their lives, unless their belief is supported by some external authority, real or supposed, such as the Koran, or the Bible, or the Church. Socrates apparently had such a belief, which sufficed for his own conduct, but it was too shadowy and uncertain to be available as a means of influencing others; and he is so keenly sensible of this that he himself prophesies the future advent of some heavenly messenger to elucidate and confirm it. Before, then, we can deduce any conclusion about the moral indifference of different forms of faith from the excellences of individual Christians of rival sects, we must be prepared to admit the moral indifference of Christianity and Paganism. And here we shall find ourselves at issue with the most undoubted facts of history. It was the moral superiority of the Christian society, far more than the skill of its apologists, or even the preaching of Apostles, that undermined the fabric of ancient heathenism and enthroned the "execrable superstition" of the despised Galileans in the palace of the Caesars.

Our standard of comparison, then, must be aggregate, not individual. But here we are beset by a fresh difficulty. It may be said that the moral superiority which secured the triumph of Christianity over Paganism depended exclusively on its maintenance of the great truths of what is sometimes called natural religion, which all professing Christians are agreed upon. But we have to recollect two important facts. The strong hold which the early Christians had on the doctrines of theism and a future life was due to their faith in a revelation, not to their mastery of the evidences of natural religion; and they believed, rightly or wrongly, that this revelation included a great many other truths besides. Their success was no doubt partly due to the fact that they preached, both in word and deed, with an energy and clearness before unknown, and with the claim of supernatural sanctions, truths which here and there philosophers had falteringly proclaimed, but which had in their mouths had no active power over social, political, or individual life, and had sounded at best like "the last strain of a dying creed." To say that it was due to this alone, and in no degree to the enthusiastic acceptance of other doctrines which philosophy had never dreamt of, but which to them were matter of habitual conviction, and were carried out into the minutest details of their daily life, is, to say the least, an arbitrary assumption. Let us come then to the first great controversy about opinions which stirred the Christian community to its innermost depths. "The Arians and Athanasians," to use the words of Dean Milman, "first divided the world on a pure question of faith." And his language looks as if he thought there was little moral difference between them. For he says, "In morals, in manners, in habits, in usages, in Church government, in religious ceremonial, there was no difference between the two parties which divided Christendom." Others have drawn a very different picture; but it is difficult, amid the hailstorm of controversial amenities exchanged between opposite sides in a fierce theological conflict, to determine the exact truth. If we come to our own day, no one would maintain that there is any perceptible difference between Unitarians and Anglicans in the discharge of social and domestic duties. If it is asked whether their contrary beliefs exert no distinctive influence on personal character and tone of thought when fully realized—and it must be borne in mind that multitudes of persons hold their professed belief with an unquestioning but obstinate acquiescence which makes it powerless as a principle of action—the answer is not so obvious. Coleridge goes so far in his *Table Talk* as to deny absolutely that Unitarianism can be considered Christianity, though many Unitarians are practically very good Christians. And he evidently means to imply that these last do not really hold the doctrine they profess, though they think they do. For he asserts broadly that "Unitarianism is in effect the worst of one kind of atheism joined to the worst of one kind of Calvinism, like two asses tied tail to tail." And he would hardly consider the intelligent professors of this hybrid creed very good Christians. Take, again, the case of Roman Catholics and Protestants. There are certainly cognizable moral differences between some Catholic and some Protestant countries, but then we have to beware of the ensnaring fallacy of *post hoc, propter hoc*. And there are abundant explanations in the contrasts of climate, national history, and other circumstances, without resorting to religious differences, to account for Englishmen setting a higher value on truth-telling than Italians or Spaniards, and for drunkenness being a vice of Scotland rather than of Italy or Spain. Still it is often said by those who have considerable opportunities of observation, that there are certain general characteristics to be traced in the two classes of religionists, independently of any national distinctions;

as, for instance, that Roman Catholics are more cautious about speaking evil of their neighbours, and stricter in matters connected with the Seventh Commandment, while Protestants are more straightforward and independent. And though this difference is usually attributed to the confessional, that only throws back the inquiry a step further, for the use or disuse of confession ultimately runs up into a question of doctrinal belief.

We are not going to discuss now how far these comparisons are correct, nor have we room to examine in detail other alleged moral differences between those who embrace different forms of Christian belief, though it would be interesting to pursue such an inquiry. For the present we must content ourselves with one or two concluding remarks, which may help towards throwing some light on the facts already brought under review. That the ethical standard of Christian society is, on the whole, and after making large allowances on both sides, a marked improvement on that of ancient Heathendom, or of Pagan and Mahommedan nations in our own day, is too obvious to need insisting upon. That there is again, on the whole, a visible line of demarcation in moral culture and feeling between those portions of the civilized world which may be ecclesiastically distinguished as Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Greek, is true; but it is less easy to ascertain in this case how far the distinction is due to religious causes. Between natives of the same country, of divided faiths, the line is at least very faintly drawn. So far it would seem as though the doctrines in dispute among Christians, whatever may be their intrinsic importance, are not influential in determining their moral conduct. But the inference loses much of its force when we remember that the immense majority of Christians are, in fact, agreed on a number of particular dogmas over and above the bare outline of belief laid down just now as the common heritage of the whole body. About two-thirds of them are Roman Catholics, and more than half of the remainder belong to the Greek Church, which differs from the Roman in scarcely a single point, certainly in none that could influence practice. And of the remaining section of Christendom the larger moiety agrees with the Greek and Latin Churches on more, and more fundamental, articles of belief than those on which it dissents from them. The data, therefore, are wanting for anything like a really trustworthy estimate of the comparative influence of controverted doctrines on moral conduct. Nor have we any sufficient grounds for assuming, as is done by some writers more ardent than accurate in their reasoning, that, if Christians would "agree," not "to differ," but to merge their differences in the common residuum of belief obtained through an exhaustive process of eliminating all disputed tenets, no perceptible change would pass over the face of Christian society and the tone of Christian thought.

#### FEMININE AMENITIES.

**A** MAN'S foes are those of his own household, and the keenest enemies of women are women themselves. No one can inflict such humiliation on a woman as a woman can when she chooses; for if the art of high-handed snubbing belongs to men, that of subtle wounding is peculiarly feminine, and is practised by the best-bred of the sex. Women are always more or less antagonistic to each other. They are gregarious in fashions and emulative in follies, but they cannot combine; they never support their weak sisters; they shrink from those who are stronger than the average; and if they would speak the truth boldly, they would confess to a radical contempt for each other's intellect, which perhaps is the real reason why the sect of the "emancipated" commands so small a following. Half a dozen ordinary men advocating "emancipation" doctrines would do more towards leavening the whole bulk of womankind than any number of first-class women. Where they do stand by each other it is from instinctive or personal affection, rather than from class solidarity. And this is one of the most striking distinctions of sex, and one cause, among others, why men have the upper hand, and why they are able to keep it. Certainly there are reasons, sufficiently good, why women do not more readily coalesce; and one is the immense difference between the two extremes—the silly being too silly to appreciate the wise, and the weak too weak to bear the armour of the strong. There is more difference between the outsiders among women than there is between those among men; the feminine characteristic of exaggeration making a gap which the medium or average man fills. The ways of women with each other more than all else show the great difference between their *morale* and that of men. They flatter and coax as men could not do, but they are also more rude to each other than any man would be to his fellow. It is amazing to see the things they can do and will bear—things which no man would dream of standing, and which no man would dare to attempt. This is because they are not taught to respect each other, and because they have no fear of consequences. If one woman is insulted by another, she cannot demand satisfaction or knock the offender down, and it is unladylike to swear and call names. She must bear what she can repay only in kind; but, to do her justice, she repays in a manner undeniably effective and to the point. There is nothing very pronounced about the feminine mode of aggression and retaliation, and yet it is eloquent, and sufficient for its purpose. It may be only a stare, a shrug, a toss of the head; but women can throw an intensity of disdain into the simplest gesture which

answers the whole end perfectly. The unabashed serenity and unfinching constancy with which one woman can stare down another is in itself an art that requires a certain amount of natural genius, as well as careful cultivation. She puts up her eyeglass—not being shortsighted—and surveys the enemy standing two feet from her, with a sublime contempt for her whole condition, or with a still more sublime ignoring of her existence altogether, that no words could give. If the enemy is sensitive and unused to the kind of thing, she is absolutely crushed, destroyed for the time, and reduced to the most pitiable state of self-abasement. If she is of a tougher fibre, and has had some experience of feminine warfare, she returns the stare with a corresponding amount of contempt or of obliviousness; and from that moment a contest is begun which never ceases, and which continually gains in bitterness. The stare is the weapon of offence most in use among women, and is specially favoured by the experienced against the younger and less seasoned. It is one of the instinctive arms native to the sex, and we have only to watch the introduction of two girls to each other to see this, and to learn how even in youth is begun the exercise which time and use raise to such deadly perfection.

In the conversations of women with each other we again meet with examples of their peculiar amenities to their own sex. They never refrain from showing how much they are bored; they contradict flatly, without the flimsiest veil of apology to hide their rudeness; and they interrupt ruthlessly, whatever the subject in hand may be. One lady was giving another a minute account of how the bride looked yesterday when she was married to Mr. A., of somewhat formidable repute, and with whom, if report was to be trusted, her listener had had sundry tender passages which made the mention of his marriage a notoriously sore subject. "Ah! I see you have taken that old silk which Madame Josephine wanted to palm off on me last year," said the tortured listener brusquely, breaking into the narrative without a lead of any kind; and the speaker was silenced. In this case it was the interchange of doubtful courtesies, wherein neither deserved pity; but to make a disparaging remark about a gown, in revenge for turning the knife in a wound, was a thoroughly feminine manner of retaliation, and one that would not have touched a man. Such shafts would fall blunted against the rugged skin of the coarser creature; and the date or pattern of bit of cloth would not have told much against the loss of a lover. But as most women passionately care for dress, their toilet is one of their most vulnerable parts. Ashamed to be unfashionable, they tolerate anything in each other rather than shabbiness or eccentricity, even when picturesquely; hence a sarcastic allusion to the age of a few yards of silk is a return wound of considerable depth when cleverly given.

The introduction of the womankind belonging to a favourite male acquaintance of lower social condition affords a splendid opportunity for the display of feminine amenity. The presentation cannot be refused, yet it is resented as an intrusion; and the smaller woman is made to feel that she has offended. "Another daughter, Mr. C.! You must have a dozen daughters surely," a peeress said disdainfully to a commoner whom personally she liked, but whose family she did not want to know. The poor man had but two, and this was the introduction of the second. Very painful to a high-spirited gentlewoman must be the way in which a superior creature of this kind receives her, if not of the same set as herself. The husband of the inferior creature may be "adored," as men are adored by fashionable women who love only themselves, and care only for their own pleasures. Artist, man of letters, *beau sabreur*, he is the passing idol, the temporary toy of a certain circle; and his wife has to be tolerated for his sake, and because she is a lady and fit to be presented, though an outsider. So they patronize her till the poor woman's blood is on fire, or they snub her till she has no moral consistency left in her, and is reduced to a mere mass of pulp. They keep her in another room while they talk to their intimates; or they admit her into their circle, where she is made to feel like a Gentile among the faithful, where either they leave her unspoken to altogether, or else speak to her on subjects quite apart from the general conversation, as if she was incapable of understanding them on their own ground. They ask her to dinner without her husband, and take care that there is no one to meet her whom she would like to see; but they ask him when they are at their grandest, and express their deep regret that his wife (uninvited) cannot accompany him. They know every turn and twist that can humiliate her if she has pretensions which they choose to demolish. They praise her toilet for its good taste in simplicity, when she thinks she is one of the finest on an occasion on which no one can be too fine; they tell her that pattern of hers is perfect, and made just like the dear duchess's famous dress last season, when she believes that she has Madame Josephine's last, freshly imported from Paris; they celebrate her dinner as the very perfection of a refined family dinner without parade or cost, though it has all been had from the crack confectioner's, and though the bill for the entertainment will cause many a day of family pinching. These are the things which women say to one another when they wish to pain and humiliate, and which pain and humiliate some more than would a positive disgrace. For some women are distressingly sensitive about these little matters. Their lives are made up of trifles, and a failure in a trifle is a failure in their object of life.

Women can do each other no end of despite in a small way in society, not to speak of mischief of a graver kind. A hostess who has a grudge against one of her guests can always ensure her a disappointing evening under cover of doing her supreme

honour and paying her extra attention. If she sees the enemy engaged in a pleasant conversation with one of the male stars, down she swoops, and in the sweetest manner possible carries her off to another part of the room, to introduce her to some school-girl who can only say yes or no in the wrong places—"who is dying for the honour of talking to you, my dear"; or to some un-fledged stripling who blushes and grows hot, and cannot stammer out two consecutive sentences, but who is presented as a rising genius, and to be treated with the consideration due to his future. As her persecution is done under the guise of extra friendliness, the poor victim cannot cry out, nor yet resist; but she knows that whenever she goes to Mrs. So and So's she will be seated next the stupidest man at table, and prevented from talking to any one she likes in the evening; and that every visit to that lady is made in some occult manner unpleasant to her. And yet what has she to complain of? She cannot complain that her hostess trusts to her for help in the success of her entertainment, and moves her about the room as a perambulating attraction which she has to dispense fairly among her guests, lest some should be jealous of the other. She may know that the meaning is to annoy; but who can act on meaning as against manner? How crooked soever the first may be, if the last is straight the case falls to the ground, and there is no room for remonstrance.

Often women flirt as much to annoy other women as to attract men or amuse themselves. If a wife has crossed swords with a friend, and the husband is in any way endurable, let her look out for retaliation. The woman she has offended will take her revenge by flirting more or less openly with the husband, all the while loading the enemy with flattery if she is afraid of her, or snubbing her without much disguise if she feels herself the stronger. The wife cannot help herself, unless things go too far for public patience. A jealous woman without proof is the butt of her society, and brings the whole world of women like a nest of wasps about her ears. If she is wise, she will ignore what she cannot laugh at; if sensitive, she will fret; if vindictive, she will repay. Nine times out of ten she does the last, and may be, with interest; and so goes on the duel, though all the time the fighters appear to be most intimate friends, and on the best possible terms together. But the range of these feminine amenities is not confined to women; it includes men as well; and women continually take advantage of their position to insult the stronger sex by saying to them things which can be neither answered nor resented. A woman can insinuate that you have just cheated at cards, with the quietest face and the gentlest voice imaginable; she can give you the lie direct as coolly as if she was correcting a misprint; and you cannot defend yourself. To brawl with her would be unpardonable, to contradict her is useless, and the sense of society does not allow you to show her any active displeasure. In this instance the weaker creature is the stronger, and the most defenceless is the safest. You have only the rather questionable consolation of knowing that you are not singular in your discomfiture, and that when she has made an end of you she will probably have a turn with your betters, and make them, too, dance to her piping, whether they like the tune or not. At all events, if she humiliates you she humiliates her sisters still more, and with the knowledge that, hardly handled as you have been, others are yet more severely dealt with, you must learn to be content, and to practise a grim kind of patience as well as nature will permit.

#### WINTER QUARTERS.

THE fogs and the rain and the raw chilling winds of an English November are so many eloquent tributes to the common sense of people who get out of their way when they can. We have to listen to many a platitude on that beautiful provision of nature we call patriotism, which kindles the Esquimaux's affection for his icebergs into a perpetual glow in everlasting frost. But the Esquimaux has never had experience of anything more genial, and the cynical foreigner may express much greater admiration of the prejudice of country that condemns wealthy English people who know the Continent to shiver here in mist when they might bask there in sunshine. We do, indeed, value a winter sunbeam when we see it, and all the more for its rarity, and faces that seem to have caught the Cimmerian gloom of a London atmosphere brighten up unanimously as they reflect and welcome the unlooked-for guest. Busy men, even in summer, can only take their sunshine by snatches, as they do their sandwiches; so in winter they miss it the less. But for idlers who can't exorcise the blue devils with work, and whose cumbersome leisure lets the clouds of bilious melancholy settle down slowly on their souls, there would really seem little choice between a grave in the river and a refuge on the Continent. The stranger who knows England wonders not at the numbers who go abroad, but at the many who stay at home. The untravelled resident on one of the great lines of our winter exodus marvels at the fecundity and resources of the frozen North, that can spare such swarms of its well-to-do natives and yet not waste away in social inanition. Notwithstanding the advances we have made in the art of travel, our winter plans are still governed very much by antiquated traditions; and these date, if not from the days when one had to post across France from the Channel to the Mediterranean, at least from a time when the rail was still largely supplemented by road. Then, as always, Italy was the Eden of climate, nature, and art—the land

where the idler could dissipate and dream away his time while he reconciled his indolence to his conscience on high intellectual grounds. But Italy was barricaded by her mountains, and to reach the Tuscan valleys, or even the Lombard plains, you had to labour painfully to the foot of the Alps in the shortened days, through long leagues of snowdrift and biting wind. Arrived there, you risked the chance of finding that your road, carried down by the torrent, had reached Italy before you, leaving you in the lurch. If you elected to make your approaches by the Cornice, you had some five days of tedious journey by a monotonously beautiful suburb, as one may call it, before at Genoa you stood on the threshold of the promised land and in the entrance to the Riviera di Levante. The difficulties and delays of the land travel made people who elsewhere never, except on compulsion, set foot on a steamer, take shipping at Marseilles, to risk themselves on the short chopping seas of the Mediterranean. What with real hardships, struggling for horses, scrambling for berths, not to speak of passports and *lascias passare*, your journey was troublesome and costly at best, and those whose aspirations or maladies sent them to the South compounded with their fears, or their purses, by stopping at the nearest place they conscientiously could. And still, with the exception of a few venturesome spirits who pioneer the way for those who will follow later, people seem to ignore the fact that the changed conditions of travel are widening the field of their choice, while at the same time an intelligent propaganda has been steadily introducing Northern comforts in Southern inns. Nowadays the baths of Mehadia—not that they are to be recommended for winter quarters—are at least as easily reached as Nice was some few years ago, and the hotels in Spain and Africa are better than those which travellers used to put up at in Italy. But with railways branching out over the two peninsulas, and even running over the Alps, and with tolerable lines of steampackets improving year by year, people still crowd themselves away in the old familiar haunts, originally recommended, as it would seem, by their accessibility, if not solely by caprice.

Of course the museums of Italian art, the open volumes of Italian history, must continue to be places of favourite resort, and their popularity, being based on reason as well as fashion, is sure to be lasting. Still, prejudices and eccentricities of taste apart, for many people their drawbacks must always outweigh their attractions. First comes expense; for, being fashionable, they are costly too. Wintering abroad, the English become as gregarious in their habits as rooks, and in the quarters which they honour house-rent becomes exorbitant, and food goes to famine prices. One would think that a family would be more likely to gain credit than to lose caste by venturing on the occupation of some spacious palace, bearing the name and associated with the history of the high aristocracy of Tuscany or Naples, instead of stifling themselves in Lilliputian apartments on a fifth floor in the Lungo d'Arno or Chiaia. But English people wintering abroad have an unconquerable affinity for those of their own blood and race, and Englishwomen in particular love to rally round the Church and the chemist. Only in the Eternal City have old *habitués* ventured in rare instances to do violence to a time-honoured prejudice. The mass of the English abhor the somewhat gloomy magnificence of dwellings in the native quarters, as if Roman Catholic heresies clung to the carpets and the bravoes of romance lurked in the corridors. Florence used to be relatively cheap till the Court and Government emigrated to it, but since then the Tuscan hotel bills have risen inversely with Italian credit. And then, seemingly by compensatory justice, the places most lavishly endowed with "things of beauty," and consequently the most frequented by the society that affects them, have the least to boast of in their climates. Florence, as she suns herself on the banks of the Arno, is yet at times visited by a rush of cold air from the hills above, as sudden as unwelcome—a not unsuccessful imitation of those deadly blasts from the Guadarrama that are always reading the Madrilenian lessons on the uncertainty of human life. On the other hand, hard by at Pisa, where everything in the town is as dull and peaceful as in its *Campo Santo*, the soft air partakes the genial stillness that broods over the place. It is the elysium of misanthropes with feeble chests and shallow purses. Rome, built out of ruins on a graveyard of the past, of course pays the penalty of its site, and the mephitic exhalations that poison even the lovely Doria Pamphili Gardens for half the year doubtless give an unsuspected taint to the English quarter even in the cold weather. You have delicious days in early spring, when the Campagna is breaking out into life and violets; but if you enjoy them so keenly, it is because you have passed through the dismal of a Roman winter. And Naples in climate resembles Florence, except that there the sun is hotter and the wind more frequent and more violent, and when it does come, it clears the Chiaia and Villa Reale of their loungers as effectually as a volley of Bourbon grape. Nay, it insists on following you into your rooms, rattling at the badly joined window-frames and whistling in under the ill-fitting doors.

No wonder then that, while the *malade imaginaire* may follow the fashionable world to places where he finds relief in distraction, the real invalid avoids those places like the plague. But idleness and valetudinarianism have their fashions too, and with the weakness of a nervousness that trusts from very doubt, they put themselves unreservedly in the hands of the especial physician they select to arbitrate on their fate. It would form a curious library to illustrate a medical chapter in the history of humbug, if one were to collect the different works in which each local doctor has sung the praise of the particular temple of health in which he has con-

secrated himself high priest, and of the altar by which he lives. They remind one of the lists handed in by the Athenian generals on the eve of Marathon, when each man, without exception, puts his own name first. Sometimes rival doctors publish their rival puffs of the place they are disputing with each other, and then each lauds the superiority of his own slope of the hill, or his own side of the bay. The difficulty of coming to a conclusion from such distracting data—all presumably equally to be trusted—is obvious. But they are not so much intended to convert as to confirm. A sheep once prevailed on to take the leap, others follow, and each finds a sanction for his predetermined opinions in the work of the doctor he has been advised to give his faith to. Fairly started, a place puffs itself. If it lies where the breeze from the snow-slopes sweeps straight down to its promenades, its physician's system advocates a bracing climate as the sole panacea for delicate lungs. If his brother practitioner chances to have located himself where the warm air simmers perpetually over the tepid waters of a land-locked bay, his theory is heat, and the careful avoidance of all that can possibly irritate. One thing is clear—they cannot all be right; some must certainly be humbugs, and before you stop in your train of thought you have almost come to the conclusion that all may be. Then some of these places are so hemmed in by high vineyard walls, that except for the blue sky overhead, and the distant view of the snow peaks on the horizon, you might fancy yourself taking your exercise in the court-yard of a prison. And half of them, whatever their influence on the maladies of invalids, certainly bear very hard on those who come there in vigorous health. Most of the smaller ones are dulness itself, but dull as they are, they are better than their more pretentious rivals, where, without being repaid by the pleasures of society, you are condemned to a life of ceremony and pseudo-fashion.

We have referred to those restless or self-reliant persons who have ventured beyond the established health-haunts of Italy and Southern France. Perhaps it was the prevalence of a tongue of which they had glimmerings, joined to the inducements of a French *cuisine*, that tempted some adventurers to Algiers. But making all allowance for that, still one feels surprised that so few should have stopped short as they coasted the Spanish Peninsula. Without entering into the question technically—for it would be difficult, as we have shown, to find your way through the labyrinth of professional opinions—it is undeniable that, generally speaking, the coast from Cadiz to Valencia enjoys a climate more genial and equable than anything from Pau to Pisa. You can take up your abode in cities—somewhat dull cities, perhaps, like most in Spain—but still offering more of life to the visitor than the little white-washed, ill-drained villages of the Cornice, where by eight o'clock everything is shut up for the night, and all the natives, except some dissipated dogs, are locked in slumber. In Spanish towns you are sure to find a theatre or two and a good second-rate operatic company, although the bull-ring will be closed, and the scenes in the circus—which every lady-writer goes to see, and then condemns as an outrage on civilization—suspended for the time. There is a freshness and picturesqueness in everything about you that provokes the invalid into forgetting his woes, and thus lets him give nature fair play instead of taking odds against her by joining *ennui* to disease. The best of the hotels are generally comfortable; the living is cheap, and, as these towns are seaports, you can import your English luxuries. They are linked together by lines of packets, so that you can change your scenery without changing your climate, without risking a jolting land journey or roughing it in village inns. In each town there is one Alameda at least, where you are sure to find both seats and sun. When you drive out you meet the country running right into the town, and the tropical vegetation invites you to liberties in which you may indulge with comparative safety. Visitors to Malaga till a couple of hotels there, but, notwithstanding the attractions of the town and neighbourhood, its grand mountain range and the vicinity of Granada, it does not grow in favour as it ought to do. Valencia, with its lovely gardens and sunny Alamedas, is scarcely visited, and yet for softness, dryness, and warmth its climate is far beyond anything in Italy. For our own part, we should perhaps give the palm among European winter residences to Palermo, nestling by the sea in a perpetual spring between the orange groves of the Concho d'Oro and the heights of the Monte Pellegrino. But there you are, as it were, in a *cul-de-sac*. Notwithstanding the scenery of the Straits, you know you will change for the worse in going to Messina or Catania; so, if you do take a prejudice to Palermo, you must still fret out your sojourn. Wintering in Spain, you are never tied to a place beyond the somewhat precarious arrival of the next steamer, and one's only wonder is that more of our birds of passage do not take a hint from their feathered congeners, and pay a winter visit to its shores.

#### CHILDREN'S REVIVALS.

IT was, if we remember rightly, through the channel of the *Daily News* that the most copious of the streams of correspondence poured when, several years ago, Lord Palmerston startled the orthodoxy of the English pulpit and the experience of the English nursery by an off-hand assertion, at a Hampshire agricultural gathering, that "all children were born good." A recent correspondence in the columns of the same newspaper has attracted a considerable amount of public attention to a widely differing doctrine in relation to children, compared with which

the formal heresy of the genial old statesman is "mellow music," cheering and harmonious and true. The very name of a "children's revival," the details of which have shocked the correspondents of the *Daily News*, will sufficiently indicate our meaning. A "revival" under any circumstances, as the common use of the term runs now, suggests ideas of sensationalism in religion of which the possible ultimate benefit, in a few scattered instances, is far more than counterbalanced by the physical and mental disorganization and mischief which is certain in the majority of cases to result from it. But grown-up people, whom revivals hitherto have chiefly sought out and affected, must in the main be left to take care of themselves. They cannot be put in leading-strings; and if they choose not to be guided by advice, nor to go the way of sensible men and women, they must take their chance of coming to grief in their own fashion. The case of children is essentially different. A child of tender years, as English law proclaims in sufficiently stern language and practice, is incapable of "consent"; and a "children's revival" meeting, such as that of which we now write, involves a charge of the gravest possible nature against the grown-up persons who have promoted it. A mischievous and thoughtless schoolboy who chooses to frighten a little child out of its senses by some stupid contrivance of a ghost or hobgoblin, may be dismissed with a hearty thrashing, laid on with a will; but a nursemaid so working on a child's fears would have small chance of ever obtaining another situation; and that a teacher—or, still more obviously, a parent—could be guilty of such an act towards a child is a simple impossibility. So, we should have supposed, would it have been an impossibility that any person, under the guise of a religious service, could have thought of bringing the alarms and terrors of a "revival" to bear upon the tender minds and quick spiritual sensitiveness of very little children; but it appears that not many days since, in an important Dissenting chapel in London, this cruel and frightful machinery was actually put in motion, and kept working on, amidst the frantic cries and tears of its miserable little victims. Happily, among the congregation, or audience, or spectators, or whatever may be the proper term to describe the grown-up persons who were present at this dreadful cultus, there was found a man of tender heart and large experience of children—himself a Dissenter and Sunday-school teacher—who addressed a protest of righteous indignation against what he had witnessed to the editor of a leading London newspaper. "The service," he states, which was held in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, though not under the direction of Mr. Spurgeon himself, "was in its opening an ordinary children's service," simple and natural, "of an attractive kind and worthy of imitation." But after this was ended, the special "revival" part of the service commenced. The wholesome meal was over; and the spiritual alcohol, the mischievous and intoxicating stimulant, succeeded. First, the children were urged by special appeals to "hold up their hands"; and then, "Would you like the ministers, students, and teachers on the platform to talk and pray with you?" Hands were held up again, of course; what else could the children do? It was late in the evening, when children, if they are not in bed as they ought to be, are always nervously excitable. "Look," cried the preacher in impassioned tones, "at the thousand (?) hands held up! Friends in the gallery, don't sit there, but come down amongst these children, who are asking you to pray for them!" Immediately a number of young men and young women responded to the invitation; the children in the body of the chapel were broken up into groups; and "what followed," writes Mr. Palmer, "I shall never forget." "I can scarcely trust myself to speak of those who inflicted upon unoffending children such persistent cruelty." Their feelings were worked on till they broke down in uncontrollable tears; and then, "sobbing and excited, they were taken to the inquisitor-in-chief"—one Rev. P. Hammond, an American minister—"to be dealt with in an adjoining room, which was filled, he said, with young women." Another writer in the same paper speaks of this treatment of the children as an application of "spiritual tortures," and adds that "had they been the most abandoned men and women who could be gathered at a prayer-meeting in the den of the 'Wickedest Man' in New York, they could hardly have had sprung upon them an engine of more crushing weight than that by which Mr. Hammond and his friends undertook to 'bring them to Jesus.'"

It is in this association of the "Name which is above every name" with this scene of heartless and cruel fanaticism, as though investing it with the highest and holiest sanctions, that the most mournful side of the picture is presented to us. We have intentionally abstained from referring to this association hitherto, although it appears to have been continually thrust forward during the proceedings; but it is impossible to pass it by altogether without notice. Never, surely, was a bitterer contrast exhibited in any act of Christian worship between the spurious and the true, than the spectacle of this "children's revival" set over against that unfading picture of Divine tenderness and wisdom "written by Saint Mark, in the tenth chapter, at the thirteenth verse." In Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, indeed, the invitation from which we have quoted, bidding us to "hear the words of the Gospel," and the commentary on the Gospel when it has been heard, would alike be discarded and despised as superstitious, as a "relief of Popery," and so on; but, be that as it may, the words of the Gospel itself stand, and the zealots of the Tabernacle may, if they can, reconcile the spiritual tortures which they have inflicted on the little ones brought under their influence with the words of Him who said "Suffer the little children

to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." We do not envy them the task of attempting it. Mr. Spurgeon himself, we are glad to find, from an apology published in his monthly magazine, is not disposed to undertake the responsibility. He "simply, at the request of honoured and respected brethren, lent the place" to Mr. Hammond, who is "a prince of preachers to children." As to the "exact propriety of the modes of procedure" adopted by this "prince of preachers," Mr. Spurgeon owns that he had "felt some personal question"; but even Mr. Spurgeon does many strange things, and makes "many slips" in "places which are lent to him"; and if the same sort of thing happens in places which he lends, "how can he help it? Who is to blame him?" The "prince of preachers," we conclude, will beg another time for the "loan" of the Tabernacle in vain. A faint denial that the children "were frightened or terrified" is about all the support which Mr. Hammond gets at the hands of his celebrated English brother.

Lord Palmerston's dictum was, no doubt, as we have described it, formally heretical. The opposite proposition, which we presume would be maintained by the promoters of "children's revivals," that "all children are born bad," may be open to the more serious objection that it is materially false. Some one, whom we are happily unable at this moment more precisely to name, is reported to have defined man in his "natural" state as a compound of a beast and a devil, in forgetfulness, or more probably in correction, of an older statement that men are "made after the similitude of God." It is doubtful whether even this savage misanthropical theologian would have ventured to apply his definition to a little child. Theoretically, perhaps, he might have been constrained to admit the application if it had been pressed upon him; but, practically, he would probably have fallen back upon the admission of a more distinguished and widely known writer, that "it was not to be concluded that the crying of an infant was necessarily deserving of the Divine displeasure." It has been reserved for the frequenters of the Metropolitan Tabernacle to announce their practical adhesion to a more consistent and thoroughgoing cruelty of creed. They "take a child and set him in the midst of them," as was done on an ever-memorable occasion in the past; but, departing from, and, as they doubtless consider improving upon, the spirit of that example, so far are they from holding up the guileless simplicity and loving teachableness of childhood for the imitation and reverence of men in the hardened, narrow selfishness of older life, that they set up instead, over against the child, and full in his frightened sight, a horrible Moloch constructed out of their own imaginations, in whose power they would try to persuade the little one that he is, and has been, helplessly lying. The tender mercies of the old Canaanitish religions were hardly so cruel as this. Rabbi Kimchi writes that when the priests had "taken a babe and put it into the hands of Moloch, they used to make a noise with drums, that the father might not hear the cry of his child, and have pity on him and return to him"; but in our modern children's sacrifice it would appear that the "cry of the child" was the most attractive part of the ceremonial, and the signal, therefore, for the victim's being carried into the inner sanctuary, where the chief hierophant awaited his arrival "in a room filled, as he said, with young women."

The further proceedings of the attendant ministers of both sexes in this astounding, and as we trust unparalleled, Nonconformist "function," would be ludicrous if the whole scene were not so intensely nauseating and horrible. When nothing more was to be done with the children, whose "reddened eyes and tear-bedewed cheeks" afforded a sight "enough to make a strong man weep," a new series of operations began. "Girls of eighteen and nineteen made unsolicited overtures to lads of the same age to state their religious or irreligious experience, and lads of the same age offered the same assistance to the girls. As I stood looking on the scene," Mr. Palmer adds, "I made room for a young lady to pass. She, however, stopped and asked me, 'Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?'" The narrator met the question in the only possible way, with the grave rebuke of silence. "I bowed, and passed on." It may be hoped that the "young lady" understood the lesson, and has profited by it.

It is easy to anticipate the reception which will be given by the promoters of these "children's revivals" to the indignant protest with which their performances will be met by all thinking men. Nothing is easier than to represent the censure which is passed on fanaticism and folly under the garb of religion as a deliberate sneer at the deepest realities of religion itself. In this spirit Mr. Palmer's letter was commented upon by a correspondent of the *Daily News*, whose letter was inserted, but with some words of well-merited editorial reproof in a footnote. We are ourselves quite prepared to find our own remarks received in a similar temper. But we must repeat, in sad and serious earnest, that while older persons have only themselves to blame if they are led astray by the false lights of a passionate and hysterical religious phantasm, it is an outrage and wrong of the gravest character to attempt to bring such influences to bear upon little children—a wrong which those who commit or sanction it have no business to regard as either excused or palliated by pleading the sincerity of their motives, or their ignorance of any possibly resulting harm. *Maxima debetur puer reverentia;* and if this rule holds at all, it holds above all in the highest matters which can occupy the mind of a child. No one who understands what children are, and who recognises the unspeakable importance of the years of childhood in religious training

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can shrink, through any fear of a noisy fanatical outcry or of the bitterness of unscrupulous controversial misrepresentation, from speaking out in words of the strongest condemnation against proceedings so reckless, so mischievous, and so indescribably cruel as those which, under the name of "children's revivals," have recently disgraced the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

#### RUSSIAN RAILWAYS AND THE ROAD TO INDIA.

THE Exchanges of London and of Western Europe generally have been busy of late subscribing to Russian railway loans. Within the present year Russia has obtained by this means about twelve millions sterling, and apparently the resource is far from exhausted. The fact is important in many ways. It is observed that the lines for which money is wanted are mainly commercial, and capitalists have some reason for the belief that the employment of their funds in making Russian railways is one of the most legitimate ways of investment open to them. It is no affair of theirs that the Russian Government, while money for commercial lines is obtained through private companies, devotes the resources it can command directly to strategical lines, like the Moscow and Warsaw Railway, thus negativing the pretext that the economical and financial prosperity of the Empire is alone consulted in these railway undertakings. Even if the Russian guaranteee is thus made less valuable than it would otherwise be considered, capitalists may be content with the prospect of returns from the enterprises themselves. English capitalists especially may congratulate themselves on facilitating means of conveyance which will establish securely the corn trade with Russia, and develop the industry and purchasing power of its vast population. We should be the last to quarrel with this view of the matter. It may be permissible, however, to point out that there are other interests affected by the prosecution of some of these railways, even those usually considered the most purely commercial. As we have shown at various times in former articles, the concentration of strength which these lines will effect for Russia, and the direction of branches connected with the whole system to the Southern and Western frontiers, constitute a revolution in the military relations of Russia towards her neighbours in Europe. But there is another and more serious aspect of the matter for ourselves. Russia is becoming a neighbour of India, as well as of Austria and Turkey. Are we interested or not in the concentration of strength which these railways effect? Will they facilitate in any way the march of armies to the Indus, as well as to the Danube or the Vistula? And to what extent will they do so? To some it may sound extravagant even to put these questions. There is still a vague notion of deserts and mountains intervening between India and the centres of Russian power; what goes on in the depths of Tartary seems all so distant and unreal. But the distance is for us in England—not for Russian strategists in St. Petersburg or Moscow, nor for Anglo-Indian generals studying the defences of the Punjab. To them the fact that the south of European Russia—the centre of Russian strength—is only half as far as London from India, is of more than geographical interest in these days of locomotives and steamers; it is this, above all things, which gives the sense of imminent difficulty from the approximation of the two frontiers. Without wishing to arrest, therefore, the process of railway-making in Russia, or the eagerness of English capitalists to lend their money—for no one can grudge Russia her internal development, whatever its incidental effects—let us see what progress is making with the Russian road to India.

To understand the bearing of what is being accomplished, the leading fact to be apprehended is the importance of the communication by the Volga and the Caspian. By means of the largest river in Europe, and one of the great rivers of the world, passing near to her most crowded centres of population, Russia has access to the very heart of Central Asia. On the southern shore of the Caspian, India is only 1,400 miles away, and on the south-eastern shore there is, at a distance of barely 400 miles, the valley of another navigable river—the Oxus—which can be ascended to within two or three hundred miles by road from the Indian frontier. These, it is true, are no new facts, but their importance is increased by the recent Russian conquests in Turkestan. The most recent have been in that Oxus valley through which lies one of the roads from the Caspian to India. By opening up a road, therefore, from her possessions on the Oxus to the Caspian, Russia will complete, almost by a *coup de main*, one of those roads to the frontier of India which she could not have begun to open out in the first instance from the Caspian without arousing suspicion and alarm. Russia, besides, has now approached all the great positions on the most direct line of all—namely, from the Caspian by Herat and Candahar to the Indus—so that she can avail herself of it more readily than ever, while possession of the Oxus route would in any case guard the left flank of an army advancing from the Caspian by Herat. For these reasons we must look with new interest on the nature of the communication by the Volga and the Caspian, which appears to be almost as perfect as any Power can possess. The great drawback is its being closed by frost during several months of the year, but these months are in any case unsuited for action in the deserts of Central Asia or the hills on the Indian frontier. It cannot be a matter of indifference, then, that a Power which possesses so easy a highway to India should be making her force more mobile, perhaps doubling the contingents that she can spare for the field.

But there is more to be considered than the general fact of the new concentration of Russian strength. Several of the railways now in progress will improve in a most remarkable way the special facilities of communication between the Volga and the centres of Russian power. At present the Volga is only touched by a railway at one point where it is navigable—namely, by the railway from Moscow to Nishni-Novgorod; but no fewer than five different lines are in progress which will terminate on the Volga. The highest of these—from Osnetschinsk on the Nicholas railway to Rybinsk, and from Moscow to Jaroslav—will probably be less serviceable strategically than the existing communication between Moscow and Nishni-Novgorod, which strikes the river much lower down; but in an emergency there would be an obvious gain in having numerous points of embarkation and communicating lines. The entire resources of the river may thus be utilized, and the railway lines to the lower and more convenient ports relieved. But three out of the five new lines will touch the Volga lower down than Nishni-Novgorod. South-east from Moscow there runs a long line, already finished, to Riazan, Kozlov, and Voronej, whose final terminus will probably be on the Don, and there are three branches from this trunk towards the Volga begun, or at least conceded. The first is from Riazan to Mochansk, destined to terminate on the Volga, at some point opposite Samara; the second from Kozlov to Tambov, to terminate at Saratov; and the third from a station named Griaz between Kozlov and Voronej to Borisoglebsk, to be continued to Kamyschin, within about 300 miles only from the mouth of the Volga. In all these cases the whole length to be constructed is only a few hundred miles. The first has for some time been finished and opened as far as Mochansk; the continuation of the second to Tambov is assured by a recent loan; while the concession of the third to Borisoglebsk has been definitely granted, and, if the present favour to these loans continues, will doubtless soon be heard of. The prolongations again have those reasons in their favour which have influenced capitalists in subscribing to other Russian lines—the agricultural importance and populousness of the districts; and they will certainly be favoured by the present concessionaires as feeders of the branches already making. Saratov at least is a most important city, and a loan to prolong the Tambov branch thither is already talked of, while the continuation of the Mochansk line to Samara will be a connecting link in the great highway to Orenburg, which is already in progress between Samara and that city. In all probability, judging by the rate at which extensions in this quarter have lately been made, five years will suffice to place Samara and Saratov and Kamyschin in direct communication with the trunk line from Moscow to Voronej.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this fact. We must remember that in five years Moscow will have been placed in communication with almost every important point in European Russia except Archangel—with St. Petersburg, Orel, Kiev, Odessa, the Sea of Azoph, possibly Warsaw; and, by the extensions we have described, whatever resources can be concentrated at Moscow will be equally available on the Lower Volga. More than this, a concession has been granted for a line between Orel and a station on the Moscow-Voronej Railway; and, as Orel will be the great railway junction of the South of Russia, the extensions to the Volga will have a yet more direct communication than by Moscow with the richest part of the Empire. Its depots and recruiting grounds and factories, as well as the coal and iron of the Don, will all be immediately at the service of the fleets and armies on the Volga. Even if the extensions, however, should not be completely carried out, they would still be the more serviceable in an emergency the nearer the Volga is approached; and, independently of them, the completion of one or more Southern lines to the Don, or the Sea of Azoph, will enable a communication with the Volga to be established by means of the short railway between that river and the Don. In no case can the next few years pass without a vast improvement in the means of access to the Volga.

But measures are likewise in progress which will bring to the Volga the resources of Siberia and the western part of the Kirghiz Steppe. Regarding the latter we have already referred to the highway between Moscow and Orenburg, of which a line from Orenburg to Samara on the Volga will form part. Whether the intercommunication is finished or not, the branch between Samara and Orenburg certainly will be, probably in two or three years' time. In this way Orenburg, which has been the head-quarters of a Russian advance upon Tartary, will become, with the completion of the conquest, the dépôt for collecting the resources of a wide district to be utilised in another direction. As to Siberia, the question of railway communication with that part of the empire has not yet got beyond the stage of surveys, but the fault in what is already a most valuable line of communication is not a very wide one, and when the surveys are finished, will be easily enough supplied. The problem is to join the Kama, which is a navigable affluent of the Volga, with Tiumen in Siberia, from which there is all but unbroken communication by water to the verge of the frontier of China. The distance is comparatively inconsiderable, and as the road can be taken through a rich manufacturing district of the Ural, its immediate execution, though as yet only a project, is all the more probable. Thus Siberia, as well as European Russia and Tartary, will be easily laid under contribution, in a few years hence, for an expedition down the Volga. Its resources could be used even now, but the saving of time by the proposed railway will be very great.

This, then, is what is being done by Russian railways to im-

prove the road to India. Understanding it, one can easily imagine how Russia during the next few years must weigh more and more upon India. All this accumulation of force will be virtually an accumulation on the southern shore of the Caspian, since it could be transported thither at the shortest notice without interruption from any possible or conceivable enemy. In other words, there will be only fourteen hundred miles between the gathered strength of Russia and the Indian frontier. Fourteen hundred miles, people will say, is a great deal; it is a very long march indeed. They forget that Central Asia, like the Confederate States when Sherman marched through them, is an empty shell—not barren or desert enough to make the march of great armies impossible, nor even transcendently difficult, but sufficiently destitute of people to make resistance out of the question. Meshed, Herat, and Candahar would fall without a blow to an army of 20,000 men, and twice and thrice that number could be taken through the country. We are even understating what may soon be the Russian opportunity. The Russians have not lost sight of the question of direct communication with the Oxus, and, as may be learned from a late report of our Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, they had a settled plan two years ago for opening up a road between the Caspian and the Oxus—settled even before they had a single post on that river. On this route it is further projected to lay down a railway; so that in a few years hence the accumulated force on the Volga may be speedily transmissible to Charjui and to Balkh. These points are yet nearer to Cabul and Candahar than the southern shore of the Caspian, while the country is equally empty. If facts like these were understood, there would be less tendency perhaps than now exists to depreciate the possible danger of Russian contact with India. It is not a Power strong at the centre, but feeble and weak at the distant frontier, stretching toward us a long arm that can scarcely bear its own weight, with which we have to deal; but a Power whose central force can be placed with ease almost at our gates. If we are prudent and careful, there is no reason why the new condition of the Indian Empire's existence should be altogether intolerable; but how can there be prudence if facts are ignored or misconceived?

#### RECREATIVE RELIGION.

A FESTIVAL was held on Wednesday evening, at the Freemasons' Tavern, by the National Sunday League, but whether it was a religious festival we cannot undertake confidently to say. We know that it began with speeches, which were followed by tea and cake; after which came a concert, and then a ball, of which the programme conveys the notion that recreative religion must have a highly invigorating effect upon the human frame.

This festival was intended to celebrate a recent triumph of the Sunday League, who have obtained from the Court of Common Pleas a decision in favour of the legality of those entertainments or amusements or proceedings which were held by the League at St. Martin's Hall, and which they called "Sunday Evenings for the People." The legality of these proceedings was questioned by the Sabbatarian party, who caused an action to be brought for a penalty, under an Act of Parliament passed in the time of King George III., "for preventing certain abuses and profanities on the Lord's Day, called Sunday." It happened curiously that the plaintiff in the action was called Baxter, and the defendant Baxter Langley. The plaintiff is a Protestant of peculiar fervidity, and is well known in connexion with Sabbatarian and Evangelical organizations. The defendant is Vice-Chairman of the Sunday League. The Freemasons' Tavern is of course open to any religious, recreative or other, who choose to occupy its spacious rooms; and it did so happen that Mr. Baxter lately assisted at a prayer-meeting of the Evangelical Alliance held on the very same premises where Mr. Baxter Langley celebrated the triumph of the Sunday League. Mr. Baxter was among the petitioners for Divine guidance to the people of England during the elections, and it is to be hoped that the defeat which he sustained at Hull has strengthened his belief in the efficacy of prayer. Mr. Baxter Langley conducted his own defence in the Court of Common Pleas, and he succeeded in satisfying the Judges that he had been neither entertaining nor amusing, which, for our part, we most entirely believe. His defence may remind readers of anecdotes of a dramatic poet who was arrested at a coffee-house and taken before a magistrate as a Jacobite conspirator. The magistrate inspected certain scribbled papers which were taken from the pocket of the dramatic poet, and said that he found no plot in them; and so the suspected Jacobite was discharged. It is indeed difficult to say whether the Protestant Alliance or the Sunday League deserves the prize for dulness, and whether Lord Ebury presiding over Evangelicals, or Sir Joshua Walmesley presiding over Recreative Religionists, has the greater soporific power. But Evangelicals, as they listen to speeches in the evening, have nothing to expect beyond them except going to bed, while Recreative Religionists are able to look forward to a concert and a ball of such dimensions as renders their going to bed at all improbable.

The Sunday League, for the purpose of holding services on Sunday evenings at St. Martin's Hall, formed a subsidiary organization, called "The Association for the Development of Religious Feeling," and of this association Mr. Baxter Langley became President. The place of meeting was duly registered, according to Act of Parliament, as intended to be used for religious worship by the same association, under the name, by which they have become

well known, of Recreative Religionists. This designation was explained by Mr. Baxter Langley in the Court of Common Pleas as referring, not to recreation in its ordinary sense, but to the introduction of a new form of religious worship, by which it was hoped to remedy the alleged indifference of the people at large to religious services. The services invented by Mr. Baxter Langley and his friends consisted of pieces of sacred music performed on the organ, accompanied by other instruments and by a choir. An address was delivered, which was always instructive, sometimes of a religious tendency, sometimes neutral rather than religious, but never distinctly irreligious, and never profane. There seems to have been a desire to introduce the singing of hymns, and to this end certain hymns were printed and circulated among the audience; but they were never sung. Some of the hymns could scarcely be called, in the ordinary sense, devotional compositions. In most of them were expressed sentiments of adoration towards the Supreme Being, and in all of them exhortations to moral duty. The foregoing is the substance of the description given by the Court of Common Pleas of the proceedings upon which it had to pronounce judgment, and whether or not those proceedings were religious, it is evident that they were not recreative in the sense in which that word is usually employed. An address, always instructive, sometimes religious, and sometimes neutral, must have been, we think, frequently tedious. Indeed it is remarkable that these innovations have rather exaggerated than mitigated the dulness of the Sunday sermon. We do not, of course, intend to assume that all these addresses possessed the character which is usually considered appropriate to the day, but it is probable that many of them did; and if the speeches of Wednesday may be taken as indicating the character of the addresses of Sunday, we may venture to say that a sermon would not be more tiresome. If we must be bored on Sunday, we may just as well have the credit of being bored by an orthodox discourse. There was, besides, instrumental music, and there might have been singing if the congregation had been so disposed. The truth is that the Sunday League has gained a victory over the Sabbatarians, but it has gained it on a field different from that on which the fight began. The League was founded to obtain the opening of museums and exhibitions on Sunday, and the principle for which it contended was that the recreation and instruction afforded by such places were suitable to the day in their ordinary aspect, and without representing them as a religious service. Take, for example, the Sunday bands in the Parks. One party contends that it is right, and another party that it is wrong, to have them; but nobody has hitherto contended that this performance is to be viewed as an act of worship. It is probable that if the Association for the Development of Religious Feeling had concealed its identity with the Sunday League it would never have incurred Sabbatarian prosecution. All that could have been said against the new religionists would have been that they used little or no prayer, and a great deal of preaching in their services; and in this point they would have resembled sects with which the Sabbatarians have considerable sympathy. The character of their music might raise a more doubtful question. The Court said that it was "sacred music, such as the *Stabat Mater*." But suppose that a few pieces were transferred from the programme of Wednesday's concert to Sunday evening. It was a saying of the well-known preacher, Rowland Hill, that he did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes. But perhaps incursions into the devil's province can only be safely made by persons of unquestioned orthodoxy. There are, we believe, some tunes which are sacred when played slow, and become profane when played fast. And, again, there is at least one profane opera which contains something of a mass, and others contain prayers. There are, as we understand, sound Protestants who do not consider that it is wicked to present masses on the stage, nor even prayers, so long as they are only the prayers of Roman Catholics. The music of these masses and prayers must be taken, therefore, to be profane; and the managers of the Association could not be advised to introduce it into their services. So long as they confined themselves to real masses and to oratorios they would be safe. It was urged against them that the words sung were often Latin, and that "the principal attraction of this part of the service was the music." But the Court answered that if this argument prevailed it would have a more extensive application than was contemplated by those who urged it. There are, indeed, many religious services of which it might be said that the principal attraction is the music, and it might be added that the preaching is a very small attraction indeed. It was urged again that a diverting incident or passage was sometimes introduced into the discourses; but the Court answered that Bishop Latimer and Dr. South employed the same means to sustain attention, and the Court might have added that Mr. Spurgeon joked himself into notoriety.

The conclusion of the whole matter was that the proceedings at St. Martin's Hall were not an "entertainment or amusement," such that the holding of them on Sunday evening would incur the penalties of the statute of George III. The Sunday League may talk as much as they like about Recreative Religion; but the Court of Common Pleas only held their proceedings to be religious because they held that they were not recreative. They may protest to any extent against the dulness of the English Sunday, but if they are not dull, they are in danger of being pronounced illegal. The poet of the League has expressed the idea of Sunday which, however the League may object to it, does undoubtedly prevail in the English statute-book.

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## The Saturday Review.

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Then since we can none of us tell  
What mirth may await us on Monday;  
At least, to begin the week well,  
Let us all be unhappy on Sunday.

On the whole, we do not think that the Sunday League has made much way with its religion. But its ideas of recreation are just, and deserve more extensive development than they have received. The tickets of admission to the festival were sold at three shillings per head. For this sum you had the opportunity of hearing Sir Joshua Walmsley compare Sabbatianism to Protection, and Recreative Religion to Free Trade, and you had also a few opportunities at long intervals of hearing one orator pronounce the letter *h*. You might then have heard Mr. Clapham recount how he performed sacred music on Sundays at some place of public resort which he keeps at Leeds, and how he was summoned before magistrates thirty-three times and made thirty-three speeches, and was convicted in thirty-three penalties of 5*l*. each. You might also have heard Mr. Slack and Mr. Conway speak to "sentiments," and Mrs. Heatherley read from a magnificently illuminated and framed and glazed parchment an address of congratulation to Mr. Baxter Langley on his triumph over Mr. Baxter in the Court of Common Pleas, and Mr. Baxter Langley return suitable acknowledgments thereto. Then you might have proceeded to the tea-room, where oceans of tea and coffee and mountains of cake and bread and butter were provided for recreative religionists fatigued with speaking or with listening. Then began the concert "under the direction of the Misses Langley," whose names occur so frequently in the programme that you may begin to understand what was meant by "social family happiness" in one of the sentiments. Before the concert was over, the ball began with a programme of twenty-five dances, which the recreative religionists, or at least the younger part of them, went through conscientiously and indefatigably. If you could have got a partner you might have danced the Polka, and the Schottische, and the Caledonians, and the Redowa, and the Circassian Circle, and the Varsoviana, besides waltzes and quadrilles, and Sir Roger de Coverley and a Grand Finale, which, not being particularly described, may be left to the imagination of the experienced dancer. You might, perhaps, have apprehended, from the mention of "temperance" in a sentiment, that there would not be anything to drink. But outside the ball-room was a supply of beer, wine, and other liquids necessary to sustain the recreative religionist in the faithful performance of twenty-five dancing exercises. The ball-room is large, and was not inconveniently crowded. We shall not even attempt to guess at what hour the programme was completed, but we have not the smallest doubt that it was completed without omitting, or even curtailing, a single dance. These recreative religionists do not walk through quadrilles, but they spin round and round as if they could never have too much of a good thing. They paid for their beer and wine, but the ticket price, 3*s.*, covered everything else. We cannot help thinking that the Sunday League is very useful on week-days. We would advise its managers to mitigate their ardour for the elevation of the human race, and to get up some more balls; and we may mention that a few good-looking young ladies who can dance well would probably be a welcome addition to the sect of recreative religionists.

## NEWSPAPER SEWAGE.

**A**n action for slander, lately tried in the Queen's Bench, to which we do not propose further to refer, and which we do not specify by name, brings before us one of the evils of the day, and one which, to the disgrace of the craft and profession to which we feel it to be an honour to belong, neutralizes much of the social advantages of a free newspaper press among us. On Friday and Saturday of last week a trial took place of which the substance and details were of the most unnatural and unspeakable abominations. This case, we regret to say, was reported, and most fully reported, in the majority of the London newspapers. The *Times*, with that sense of propriety which characterizes its management, named the case, and announced its result, but declined to report it. The *Morning Post* did not even mention the trial. The *Globe* also suppressed any report. The *Daily News*, the *Standard*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Morning Star* published an identical report, long, minute, and inexpressibly disgusting; and the *Morning Advertiser* came out with a condensed and abbreviated summary. This was how our public instructors of Saturday dealt with the first day of the trial; and in Monday's papers we notice the same manner of treating the conclusion of the case on the part of the London newspapers—the *Telegraph*, however, signalizing itself by a special and most minute and apparently verbatim report of the Chief Justice's summing up, which, of course, brought every loathsome incident of the case into a perspicuous focus of abominable publicity and prominence. The quarrel and complaint which public decency has against the conductors of these five London newspapers—the *Daily News*, the *Standard*, the *Telegraph*, the *Star*, and the *Advertiser*—we need not enlarge upon. It will not even be pretended that any public interest can be served by familiarizing ordinary folks with the manners and the morals of the Cities of the Plain. The *Morning Star*, we are bound to add, contrived to add to the offensiveness of outraging decency an impudent stroke of hypocrisy peculiar to itself. "The slander case," unctuously and piously remarks the *Star* of Monday, "to which we briefly

alluded on Saturday"—the brief allusion being a full and elaborate report of nearly two closely printed columns—"and to which it is impossible to do more than briefly allude"—the second brief allusion being another accurate and explicit report of the second day's trial, and even at greater length—"was brought to a conclusion, &c. . . . A crowd of well-dressed persons hung about the doors of the Court in the hope of hearing the case. Nothing can better serve to show how delusive the favourite broadcloth test for decency and respectability may sometimes be." Whatever may be said of the indecency and prurience of the well-dressed persons about the Court, perhaps a hundred in number, what are we to think of the public censors of morals and the instructors of humanity, one of whom boasts of "the largest circulation" and another of "the largest broad sheet" "in the world," and who daily parade before us the imposing hundreds of thousands of copies which they circulate, who on this occasion were so careful to provide for the instruction of decent men, for the curiosity of unpolished women, and for the ignorant but susceptible innocence of boys and girls, a full, true, and particular account of inhuman lusts and unspeakable horrors, which it is not only "a shame to speak of," but pollution to let even a thought rest upon? Shall we be told that the interests of justice required the publicity of this revolting case? There was not a single point of the remotest legal interest in the trial or in the evidence. Shall it be said that the universal precedent of publishing all legal proceedings made an exception impossible? The plea would be false; for as a matter of fact there are many cases of this kind. It happened to us to be present at one such, a horrid trial at the Central Criminal Court, during the last summer, not one syllable in relation to which, though it occupied the Court the whole day, appeared in one of the London newspapers. But yes! there was a reason for publishing and parading last week's trial. A clergyman was affected by it; the scandal and the disgrace were of a domestic, and therefore peculiarly interesting, character to the baser appetites of human nature. The five newspapers knew very well that their filthy report would be eagerly looked for and largely bought, and they pandered to the vile taste and profligate curiosity on the part of the public which the *Morning Star* had the impudence to affect to deplore. Perfectly conscious that there was a good market for their nastiness, with great care and circumspection they provided their nastiness accordingly. They have their reward in the consciousness of having done their best to corrupt public morals, to violate all feelings of decency in decent people, to make bad worse, to encourage the innocent to sin, and to render our boasted civilization and our pretended care for morality a scorn and disgrace in the estimation of even savages. They have made, to a considerable extent, the London press a great public nuisance.

We are not going to invoke any interference with the supposed right or duty of newspapers to familiarize the public with matters in comparison with which the annals of adultery are purity itself; although the fact that certain cases under certain circumstances are heard in *camera*, for the express purpose of avoiding offence *contra bonos mores*, shows that there is such a thing as a public and official conscience. We are quite aware that it might be very difficult to establish such a censorship of the press in the way of reporting trials, or prohibiting some reports of them, as might not interfere with the liberties of the subject. All that we can do is to protest. To appeal to good feeling and to any sense of propriety is however rather hopeless. It has been tried too often, and tried in vain. It is only left to decent people to nail up the carion, and let it infect and pollute the public air, and warn decent people to keep their distance. One of the most notorious offenders, the *Daily Telegraph*, will probably come out with an affecting and quite religious article on the subject, and in the very same number will, according to its daily practice, insert half a dozen obscene advertisements of the quack doctors, and not improbably an invitation or two from the baby-farmers and practitioners in abortion. So, by way of clinching our argument against the present degraded state of the press, and by way of proof of the flagrant abuses against decency which many London newspapers are guilty of, we note down the results of an examination of some of the advertising columns of our contemporaries which happen to be at hand. The *Daily News*, alone among the journals which we have inculpated for their treatment of the Queen's Bench trial, does not insert the dirty *quasi-medical* advertisements. But in the *Daily Telegraph* of November 30th we find three of these advertisements; in the *Standard* of November 28th, one, and in the *Standard* of December 1st, two; in the *Morning Star* of November 28th, one; in the *Morning Advertiser* of the same date, a very religious journal, and the editor of which advertises himself as the author of a whole cloud of devotional works, six of these announcements—in this newspaper a well-known Museum is also advertised. In one number of the *Glowlorn* we counted six of these advertisements. Proceeding to the weekly press, we find the *Observer*, *Bell's Life*, and the *Weekly Times* inserting two, three, or more of these peculiar advertisements, the Museum included, while there are other weeklies which seem to lay themselves out for custom from the quack doctors and the dealers in Holywell Street literature. The *Beehive* is among the worst of those which pretend to be respectable; and it may be enough to note that the *Illustrated Sporting and Theatrical News* of November 28th contains eight, *Reynold's Newspaper* ten, and the abominable *Illustrated Police News*, the existence of which is a reproach to our police system, publishes no less than nineteen public announcements of Holywell Street books

and other wares which once a year or so we hear of being seized by the police in a spasm of accidental activity. A beautiful system this of ours, and a fine commentary on our English sense and English morality! Prisons, Reformatories, Schools, Magistrates, Judges, Hospitals, Churches, Clergy, Lectures, and all the rest of it, to punish crime and vice, to cure it, to lecture it—and, with even-handed impartiality, every facility and encouragement given to corrupt and debase and brutalize human nature; and this not only permitted by the law, but furthered and aggravated by that noble institution which is, of course, the admiration and envy of the whole world—the Newspaper Press of London.

## REVIEWS.

### GREATER BRITAIN.\*

IT is perhaps an open question whether a traveller with a capacity for ideas, or the more old-fashioned sort of traveller who had no mind except for physical hardships, is more useful to the people who stay at home and read at ease. At first the question appears to decide itself in the stating of it. "The old-fashioned traveller at best gave us amusement and untempered information, modified by fiction. His modern successor hangs a view upon every place he visits, and you close his book with a mind full of theories about trade, colonization, climatic effects, migrations, and the future of humanity. The worst of this is that you clutch at conclusions which you have not the smallest means of criticizing or validly testing, and receive impressions which may be sound and conformable to fact, or may be such as, if on the spot, would not have been harboured for a moment. Mr. Dilke is as open as most of his class to this kind of suspicion, and he has an off-hand manner of recording his inferences as if they were express revelations from the Goddess of Wisdom herself, which is neither pleasing in point of style nor recommendatory of what he has to say. Apart from this besetting sin of men who have been to places where most of their readers have never been before them, nor are ever likely to come after them, Mr. Dilke has written a book which is probably as well worth reading as any book of the same aims and character that ever was written. He spent two years in travelling among English-speaking or English-governed countries, in Canada, the United States, New Zealand, Australia, and India—a ring of countries which he calls, not infelicitously perhaps, the Greater Britain. In his own phrase, he followed England round the world. He did not follow her, however, without an idea, and we will venture to say that Mr. Dilke was in the United States when the idea first took possession of him. "The idea," he says, "which in all the length of my travels has been at once my fellow and my guide—a key wherewith to unlock the hidden things of strange new lands—is a conception, however imperfect, of the grandeur of our race, already girdling the earth, which it is destined perhaps eventually to overspread." The precise value of such a point of view is open to much consideration, but the merit and distinction of Mr. Dilke's book is that the travels of which it is a record were illumined or steadied by a point of view at all. It is this which has given it character, consistency, and a meaning; and on the whole, considering first the tendency to self-disparagement which exists in England just now, and her seeming distrust alike of her present and her future; next, the constant danger there is of our ceasing, amid the press of home cares and interests, to realize the fact that great peoples who have sprung from us are swarming over the face of the earth, and are still looking to us as their centre; and, lastly, the practical necessity under which we are of studying the requirements and capabilities of our vigorous dependencies, for our own sake not less than for theirs—it is clear that Mr. Dilke's central idea is one likely to be of immense use, taken provisionally and with limitations. It is always a great thing to have a social idea presiding over the composition of a book of travel. Descriptions of scenery, accounts of what there was to eat, details of quaint manners and unusual customs, are all very well; but, after all, the only matter of permanent interest is the nature of the movements of societies, their laws, the rapidity and direction of their progress. Mr. Dilke perceived this, and acted upon his perception. While not above the great question of what a country gives you to eat and drink, nor indifferent about scenery and streets, the points to which he really gives his mind and about which he asked questions are social points—the working of governments, the durability and tendency of institutions, the conflict of competing races, the rise of commercial centres, the change of the great currents and routes of commerce, the productive and distributing systems of countries. Mr. Dilke's intelligence seems to have directed him uniformly to ask the right sort of questions, and what will make his book of real value to the public at home is this, that while a good many of his views are set forth a trifle too swiftly and authoritatively, still they point to the subjects on which people should be encouraged to form opinions, and he has states the issues upon which such opinions should turn.

The importance of this is plain enough, for to know clearly the issues and open questions and contending elements, either in our own society or elsewhere, is the indispensable beginning of poli-

tical intelligence. For Mr. Dilke himself, as he is now in the House of Commons, his travels must have been for this reason most useful. Though he was not long enough nor enough behind the scenes in the countries he visited to be able to get very much new material for solving problems, or to add anything to the knowledge of those who had already studied them, yet he saw what the problems are with a certain concreteness, and his book will be useful to the rest of the world because in some degree it performs the same office for others which actual observation performed for him. It is a wonderful advantage to remind nations of the intense relativity of their point of view; for we are apt to be dominated by fixed ideas, sprung of our own local conceptions, and in consequence the action of all the rest of the world is something like an impenetrable mystery. Take Protection, for example. If there is a single subject on which England can be fairly said to have a practically unanimous conviction, it is that Free Trade is a good thing and that Protection in any guise is a thoroughly bad thing. In two of the countries which Mr. Dilke visited, this conviction is held with the serious modification that Free Trade is a thoroughly good thing—for England; not so for Australia or America. Mr. Dilke's short chapter on Protection is worth reading for the statement it contains of the grounds on which Australians and Americans cherish what all the most competent economists in Europe, and some writers even across the water, pronounce to be a demonstrated heresy. Mr. Dilke does not commit himself to the views of his friends, but propounds their case, just as he would do the case of the Mormons, and this is a very proper and useful thing to do. As nobody trained in economic science is likely to be led away from saving doctrine by the colonial or American case, it will be harmless, as it certainly is interesting, to hear what the transgressors of the economic law of salvation have to say for themselves. An Australian or an American, as Mr. Dilke reminds us, to begin with, "never thinks of denying that under Protection he pays a higher price for his goods than he would if he bought them from us, and he admits that he temporarily pays a tax of 15 or 20 per cent. upon everything he buys in order to help to set his country on the road to national unity and ultimate wealth." But mark what the Australian or American consumer thinks he gets in return for the tax to which he patriotically subjects himself. In his view, he is saved from the most distressing spectacle of old countries—pauper or semi-pauperized labour; he is contributing to the creation of a truly national existence, which, as he thinks, "is first attained when the country becomes capable of supplying to its own citizens those goods without which they cannot exist" according to the ruling standard of the period; he is securing an opening for those who are born into the community without health or taste for pastoral and agricultural life, and whose special capacities and activities would run to waste if that were the only field for their use; he is protecting his country against the obvious and inevitable dangers which beset a society where the country population has not been in some sort kept pace with by town populations. The Protectionist forgets that the accumulation of capital is an essential condition of civilization, and that people most rapidly accumulate capital by devoting themselves to those fields for which they have the greatest natural advantages. He forgets, too, that an essential element in national growth, certainly in a country like Australia or the United States, is a progressively increasing population, and that this condition can best be promoted by undisturbed devotion to those pursuits which are most productive, and therefore most calculated to encourage and support the desired increase of producers. Still, the position of Mr. Dilke's Western farmer is worth examining, that "the tendency of Free Trade in the early stages of a country's existence is to promote universal centralization, to destroy local centres and the commerce which they create, to so tax the farmer with the cost of transport that he must grow wheat and corn continuously, and cannot but exhaust his soil: with markets so distant, the richest forest lands are not worth clearing, and settlement sweeps over the country, occupying the poorer lands, and then abandoning them once more."

In the very considerable portion of his book devoted to America Mr. Dilke covers ground which, in spite of the multitude of previous writers on the subject, is as good as new to the ordinary reader. The traveller in America too commonly falls into one of a number of equally unsatisfactory courses; he either visits only the Atlantic cities, and thinks that they are America, or he studies Congress and State legislatures and law-making and voting, and thinks that is America; or else, as one gentleman so notably did, he ferrets out every element of prurient that industry could reveal to him, and assures us that this is America. Mr. Dilke is too intelligent to fall into either of the two latter mistakes, and too resolute and adventurous a traveller for the first. He went everywhere through the States, deterred by no hardships or discomforts; and he saw, moreover, that the social questions are a great deal better worth study, and a great deal more striking, than those which are strictly political. Few people at home realize the amazing diversity of societies in the States—diversity of climate and scenery, of interests and pursuits, of habits and customs and ideas—diversity of nationality, diversity of type, diversity of race. To realize it one ought to think of England, Australia, the West Indies, the East Indies, New Zealand, all rolled up under a single system on a single continent. This Mr. Dilke's imagination—which, when it is more mature, ought to prove a highly valuable quality to him in political life, where imagination is not less useful than it is in science—revealed to him in

\* *Greater Britain: a Record of Travel in English-speaking Countries during 1866 and 1867.* By Charles Wentworth Dilke. 2 vols., with Maps and Illustrations. London: Macmillan & Co.

its fullest dimensions, and the way in which he presents it to the reader is most effective. And we are thankful to him for saying little or nothing about "our institutions." The movement of races and nations has fully as much to do with the future of America as her institutions, on which of course they are largely dependent, just as in turn the working of the institutions is modifiable by, and dependent on, the manner of the development of the population. What will the Americans—that is, the English a generation or two old—do with the Irish? How will they assimilate the population of some 100,000 Norwegians in Wisconsin? What will become of the negroes in the South, of the Chinese, "the Irish of Asia," in California, of the Indians? Immigrant races are supposed not to be able to hold their own without mixture with the people whose lands they have invaded. "The American problem," as Mr. Dilke says, "is this: Does the law in a modified shape hold good, in spite of the destruction of the native race?" or, to put it more generally, is immigration, where the former conditions of climate, soil, and so forth are at more than a moderate distance from those of the new home, compatible with the unaided duration of the immigrants? "Is it true that the negroes, now that they are free, are commencing slowly to die out? that the New Englanders are dying fast, and their places being supplied with immigrants?" and so on.

All this has an economic side, relatively to the question of the competition between the dear-working races and the cheap-working races. In his chapters on Australia Mr. Dilke in various places suggests—he hardly goes fully enough into it for us to say that he does more—serious discussion upon the great matter of Chinese immigration. We know what the Irish have done for America; they have done and are doing much, as Americans are fond of saying, to spoil the great democratic experiment. Australia is comparatively safe from Ireland, but what of China? "Many Victorians," Mr. Dilke says, "even those who respect and admire the Chinese, are in favour of the imposition of a tax upon the yellow immigrants, in order to prevent the destruction of the rising Australian nationality." They fear that otherwise they will live to see the English element swamped in the Asiatic throughout Australia." This may serve as an illustration of the value of Mr. Dilke's book in teaching people to look at communities and races in movement, to watch currents, not to believe that the *status quo* is immutable and eternal. We have not space to follow him to Polynesia and India; in both cases he sees the truly important social questions with his usual clear-sightedness, and he states them intelligibly; and in both cases he shows himself free from the high and mighty Imperial tradition of the rights which subject races are entitled to at our hands. It is worth adding, too, that Mr. Dilke shows considerable distrust in the current English belief or superstition that happiness is only possible in that social state which the economists call progressive—a state, that is, of increasing production and freshly accumulating capital. In connexion with India, by the way, let us warn Mr. Dilke to moderate that exaggeration of temper which leads him to say, for instance, that "in Paris democratic despotism is fast degrading the French citizen to the moral level of the Bengalee baboo," which is flat nonsense. Forms of government are powerful enough, but they are only one of the many complex conditions which settle the level of morality in a given place. Again, we would deprecate such a statement as that "Saxondom includes all that is best and wisest in the world." It either means nothing, or else it means something that is absurdly untrue.

The defects of Mr. Dilke's work are a certain excess of statement, a considerable crudity of opinion as to the principles which govern the formation of societies, some of the pedantry of travel, and somewhat too much readiness to believe in the grandeur of England because you meet English squatters in Australia, and English-speaking barbarians in Nevada or Colorado. Its merits are that it is written in a lively and agreeable style, that it implies a great deal of physical pluck, that no page of it fails to show an acute and highly intelligent observer, that it stimulates the imagination as well as the judgment of the reader, and that it is on perhaps the most interesting subject that can attract an Englishman who cares about his country. We may add that its breadth of view, and the power which it shows of intelligent interest in the highest political questions, already takes Mr. Dilke, young as he is, out of the deplorable ruck of metropolitan members of Parliament.

#### VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES.\*

NATURE has of late been calling attention, in her most emphatic accents, to the persistence and the intensity of her subterranean fires. What had come to be regarded as the exaggerations, if not the mythical inventions, of an age when science was yet unborn, have been forced upon us with a reality, and even a degree of dread, to which the most advanced science of our day has to lend an ear, half of curiosity, half of bewilderment. Those who are for ever agape for novelties and marvels, whether on the part of nature or of mankind, may find daily stimulants to sensation in so many villages overrun by the lava of Ve-

suvius, or so many scores of thousands swallowed up alive by the rending soil of Peru. Now we may expect the prophecy-monger to have it all his own way. What with earthquakes telegraphed every morning in divers places, and the palpable shaking of the stars of heaven witnessed to us in the reports of the November meteors, we ought surely to see Dr. Cumming bestir himself, if he would not have some junior aspirant to prophetic honours finally fix for him the date of the coming of the End. Meanwhile, people of less imagination, or less impatient for the drawing of the veil of the future world, will give studious and careful heed to the grand, and in many respects mysterious, phenomena which are just now manifest in nature. Numbers will be interested in the causes which science is prepared to assign for these unusually stupendous displays of physical force. Falling in opportunely with this state of interest and expectancy in the public mind, the little work which Mrs. Norman Lockyer has just given us has a claim to favourable consideration. *Volcans et Tremblements de Terre*, by MM. Zurcher and Margolle, forms one volume of the well-chosen and agreeably-written series, the *Bibliothèque des Merveilles*, whereby Messrs. Hachette are wont to cater with judgment and success for the growing appetite of the public for a knowledge of nature's more striking phenomena. The clear and graphic illustrations in wood, by M. Riou, have been employed in the embellishment of the English version. As a popular summary of the more prominent facts and theories connected with this sublime branch of terrestrial physics, we can not readily point to a publication which embodies more systematically or expresses more clearly what readers beyond the pale of special or technical culture are likely to be desirous of knowing.

Without pretending to the depth or precision of a scientific treatise in the stricter sense, this little manual comprises a rapid historical survey of the principal recorded earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. The compilers have not indeed carried back their historical ken to the remote and often seemingly fabulous range of the Indian or Chinese chronicles. They have contented themselves with the nearer and safer ground of Greek and Roman antiquity. The frontispiece forms a vivid and speaking accompaniment to the well-known words in which the younger Pliny depicts the most memorable of all catastrophes of this kind. The list of eruptions from that fixed date is carried down almost to the margin of the striking series of outbreaks which just now keep scientific expectation on tenter-hooks. Upwards of a dozen eruptions of what may be termed the first class can thus be enumerated. Since that of A.D. 79, the most remarkable epochs were those of 204, 472, 512, 685, 993, 1036, 1136. After the violent one of 1136, Vesuvius remained inactive for nearly 500 years. At the opening of the seventeenth century the summit had the form of a large basin, which, according to the testimony of travellers, was covered with old oaks, chestnuts, and maple trees. In December, 1631, the volcano opened anew below the Atrio del Cavalo, the great depression which separates the crater from the Somma. A great portion of the mountain fell in, and the stream of lava sweeping away houses and villages ran into the sea near Portici. In 1655 and 1737 the cone underwent repeated changes of form. In 1797 the river of lava described by Sir W. Hamilton, 1,500 feet wide and 14 feet deep, flowed three miles and a half, and extended into the sea 600 feet. Humboldt in 1822 has described the tremendous falling in of the cone, which rose to a height of 218 yards above the floor of the crater, when for days the air for miles round was darkened by clouds of ashes and *lapilli*, and people walked about with lanterns as at Quito during the eruptions of Pichincha. In 1850 large blocks of granite were borne down the mountain side by the torrent of lava. Not having the original at hand, we are at a loss whether to charge upon the authors or the translator the amazing exaggeration of making the plateau formed by this stream "a kind of cyclopean rampart raised more than five miles above the plain where the torrent stopped." The authors themselves have visited the mountain, and add their personal description to the scientific records persistently kept by Professor Palmieri for the greater part of the range of contemporary observation.

The destruction of life and property caused by Etna has never equalled that due to Vesuvius. Greater prudence, for one reason, has here been observed in pitching human habitations so near the mouth of danger. Considerable damage has, notwithstanding, been done to Catania and the neighbouring villages by the frequent eruptions which local history has to record. From the time of fierce activity noted by Virgil, the mountain seems to have taken some centuries of rest. But during the last eight centuries eruptions have been both frequent and severe. Dislocations have been thereby occasioned to such an extent, that at the present time no fewer than 200 secondary beds can be counted on the sides of the mountain. The principal cone rises 3,600 yards above the sea, its smoking summit enveloped in snow. The long and deep ravine on its eastern side reaching to the sea—the celebrated Val del Bove—is explained by Mr. Poulett Scrope as "a vast fissure enlarged into a crater by some paroxysmal eruption which blew out of the heart of the mountain, and since widened by the abrasive violence of aqueous débâcles, caused by the sudden melting of snows on the heights above by the fired lava and heated scoria." One such flood in March, 1755, is said by Recupero to have run down at the rate of a mile and a half a minute for a distance of twelve miles. Its track, two miles in breadth, is even now strewn visibly to the depth of thirty or forty feet with sand and fragments of rock. Similar débâcles had obviously for centuries taken the same course. At the opening of the valley to the sea, near Giorre, is to be seen a vast alluvial formation more than 150 feet

\* *Volcans et Earthquakes*. By MM. Zurcher and Margolle. From the French, by Mrs. Norman Lockyer. With 62 Woodcuts by E. Riou. London: R. Bentley. 1868.

deep, measuring ten miles by three in area, and resembling an up-raised line of beach, 400 feet above the sea. The crater of Etna was well described by Elie de Beaumont and Leopold von Buch in 1834. Traces may still be found of the violent eruption of March 1669, recorded in the *Philosophical Transactions* for that year from the testimony of eye-witnesses. A pillar of ashes went up into the sky, which, to their apprehension, "exceeded twice the bigness of Paul's steeple in London." The *sciarri*, or conglomerates of hard porous stone, like slag, were piled up to the top of the walls of Catania, 60 feet high, ten miles from the crater. There is still to be seen an arcade of lava curling over the same walls in places "like a wave on the beach." Turning fortunately aside from the city, and advancing towards the sea, the body of lava formed a perpendicular front, carrying before it huge blocks of granite, forming a vast causeway into the sea. In a few days, writes M. de Quatrefages, the lava had carried forward the line of the beach some 330 yards. The striking eruption of 1865 is well described in a letter from a French geologist, M. Fouqué, to M. Sainte-Claire Deville. The lava stream, which in two or three days had extended in length three miles, with a breadth of nearly half that extent, was parted by an ancient cone, one arm precipitating itself in a cascade of fire from a height of 50 yards. The incessant hammerings from the seven craters were vividly suggestive to the writer of the idea they gave the ancients—that of a forge in the centre of Etna, with the Cyclopes as workmen.

Our authors' survey of the active volcanoes carries them round the globe, and includes the latest and most distant records of these tremendous phenomena. Equally complete and vivid is the catalogue of remarkable earthquakes, which are made, by the progress of scientific observation, naturally to connect themselves with the agency of volcanic forces. The subjects of thermal springs, of mud islands or emissions, as well as of the singular oil or petroleum wells lately discovered in such wealth and extent, are discussed in their several bearings upon each other as well as upon the agency of subterranean fires in general. One of the most remarkable results of the combined and systematic observation brought to bear upon the phenomena of earthquakes relates to the extent and degree over which sonorous waves have been known to be propagated:—

The nature of the noise also differs greatly; sometimes it is rolling, and occasionally like the clanking of chains; in the city of Quito it has sometimes been abrupt, like thunder close at hand, and sometimes clear and ringing, as if obsidian or other vitrified masses clashed, or were shattered in subterranean cavities. As solid bodies are excellent conductors of sound, which is propagated, for example, in burnt clay with a velocity ten or twelve times greater than in air, the subterranean noise may be heard at great distances from the place where it has originated. In the Caraccas in the grassy plains of Calabozo, and on the banks of the Rio-Apure, which falls into the Orinoco, there was heard, over a district of 2,300 square (German) miles, a loud noise resembling thunder, unaccompanied by any shaking of the ground; whilst, at a distance of 632 miles to the north-east, the crater of the volcano of St. Vincent, one of the small West Indian Islands, was pouring forth a prodigious stream of lava. In point of distance, this was as if an eruption of Vesuvius should be heard in the north of France. In 1744, at the great eruption of Cotopaxi, subterranean noises, as of cannon, were heard at Honda near the Magdalena river. Not only is the crater of Cotopaxi about 13,100 English feet higher than the Honda, but these two points are separated from each other by a distance of 436 miles, and by the colossal mountain masses of Quito, Pasto, and Popayan, as well as by countless valleys and ravines. The sound was clearly not propagated through the air but through the earth, and at a great depth. During the violent earthquake in New Granada, in February 1835, subterranean thunder was heard at Popayan, Bogotá, Santa Martha, and Caracas (when it lasted seven hours without any movement of the ground), and also in Hayti, in Jamaica, and near the lake of Nicaragua.

The evidences of volcanic action in the moon have since the time of Laplace had a lively interest for the minds of astronomers. There is, we need scarcely say, no longer any idea of the aerolites which from time to time fall upon our globe being projected from volcanoes in our satellite, or even of the luminous spots or bands visible upon the lunar surface being proofs of a chronic state of volcanic action. That changes to some extent, however, take place in the moon's substance seems placed beyond doubt by the subsidence of a marked crater within the last twelve months, as well as by the modifications which have made themselves evident in the lunar maps drawn up at definite intervals. The chapter on this subject forms one of the best in the volume before us. What distinguishes the lunar volcanoes in general from our own is their enormous size. The diameter of Clavius is not less than 140 miles. Eight other craters come between 69 and 113 miles, and no less than twelve have an average of 55 miles. In other respects a strong analogy can be traced between the aspect of these volcanic areas and extinct systems of the like kind in many parts of our globe. The mountains of Bohemia, as well as those of Auvergne, have been instanced as presenting a configuration closely analogous in plan to ranges of the lunar elevations. The luminous bands which distinguish the latter are ascribed by Maedler to gaseous streams, which have vitrified a portion of the surface, and disposed themselves in rays round many of the mountain peaks. Experiments have been made with the result of artificially producing much of the process by which nature may be conceived to have worked these singular effects:—

An English astronomer, Mr. Hooke, obtained an artificial imitation of the lunar cavities by heating calcareous mud until the steam, in the form of great bubbles, forced its way through the surface. In our terrestrial volcanoes, the upper stratum of matter in fusion sometimes rises by the elasticity of the subterranean gases as far as the edges of the crater, but the dome sinks as soon as the gases have made a passage. It is known that

there exist in America great extents of land which are hollow underneath, and which are in fact real bubbles. If we wish to compare the lunar surface with that of our globe, we must in imagination suppress the sedimentary earth and the sea which cover the latter. Many circles, now filled up, would then appear. In Auvergne there are some very large, which are still entirely sunken, although the granite which forms them is mixed up and disappears in a great number of points under thick beds of vegetable earth. The one seen in the island of Ceylon is 43 miles in diameter. In Oceania several madreporic islands appear to be supported on similar circles. "We can then figure to ourselves," as remarked by Humboldt, "our satellite nearly like what our earth was in its primitive state, before it was covered with sedimentary beds rich in shells, gravel, and diluvium, due to the action of the tides and streams. Scarcely can we admit that there exist in the moon beds of conglomerates, and of detritus formed by

It is not often that we find justice done in foreign works of science to the labours of our own countrymen, and the book before us is by no means an exception to the rule. Nothing is indeed gained by this ignorance or neglect of British science. In no part of the world is the theory of volcanic action in a more advanced or positive position than in this country. For a general view of the subject no foreign work can be consulted in preference to Sir Charles Lyell's recent chapters. Of the two main hypotheses, the "chemical" one first broached by Davy has been worked with much industry and skill by Dr. Daubeny, while what may be called the "mechanical" owes its chief development and proof to Mr. Mallet. There is of course no need for these theories being taken as absolutely excluding one another. The laws of the mechanical forces, due immediately to the agency of heat, are in fact but subsidiary in turn to those ulterior considerations which relate to that chemical action of the elements in nature's laboratory which results in fusion and volcanic force. The writers before us have abstained from going deeply into the theoretic portion of this inquiry, though they intimate a general acquiescence in the chemical hypothesis as it has been developed of late in the able hands of M. Sainte-Claire Deville. Their work, as we have said, is not one which aims at supplying the world of science with new or advanced ideas. Still, as a manual for popular use, it contains much that readers of the ordinary class will find both novel and interesting.

#### THE NOTE-BOOKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.\*

FOR people who care to see the nature of the raw material of novels and descriptive essays, these two volumes of Hawthorne's remains will possess plenty of attractions; but for others without this analytic and curious taste they are hardly likely to be worth more attention than is involved in a rather hasty turning over of the leaves. In the case of a consummate master, every rude sketch and outline may well deserve to be treasured up and examined with a care only less than that which is given to his greatest pieces. When the picture is supremely good, the sketches which were made in its preparation are justly treated with all possible reverence. But is this the case with artists who are of lower rank, because of humbler aim? Will contemporaries preserve and posterity scrutinize the sketches of the artists who are painting pictures by the yard for the walls of Lancashire drawing-rooms? Probably not; and we doubt whether, on the whole, a very large public will be much interested in the preliminary strokes and outlines by which minor novelists made ready for their more deliberate tasks. Hawthorne's genius was of peculiar savour, and, however it may have been deficient in vigour, and in airiness and freedom, it was eminently removed from anything like vulgarity or commonplace. Yet he was unquestionably of the second order, and the world is too busy and life too short for us to give much heed to the preparatory flourishes and exercises of any but the greatest. Indeed, are there not some who venture to question whether even the finished products of secondary talent in fiction, verse, or painting, are worthy of much study or attention? The true answer to the question is that these secondary works give great pleasure to natures of corresponding calibre, for whom masterpieces are too great; and that if the end of art be to give pleasure, the fact that the pleasure is not the highest attainable absolutely, but the highest of which a given nature is capable, is ample justification of the work. And just as there is no sort of production which does not hit some mark, which does not please some natures, so it is possible that there are people whom Mr. Hawthorne's rough outlines and preparatory observations will interest; but they cannot be very many, nor is their interest likely to be very deep. Still one may find an hour's amusement in watching the author's method of accumulating material, and thoughtless folk may be made to see how much care, thought, observation, and quiet labour go to the composition of novels which they despatch in a short afternoon, and often never think about again.

Hawthorne was evidently a painstaking observer of everything that passed under his eye, and he took the further pains, which is too mechanical and drudge-like for most men, of diligently recording it, just as a painter diligently sketches any figure or landscape or bit that strikes him, and puts it by, perhaps to be used, and perhaps to be laid aside and forgotten. This is perhaps an illustration of the fact that, except in the case of consummate natural gifts, it is the quality of taking pains which makes the difference between fine productive talent and the cleverness which never

\* *Passages from the American Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne.*  
2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1868.

ripens into fruit met and round a tawny changes of a right communes, with all forms moving face emotion that popular art appeals. But at the door corporate often as not rious habit recording at just because outstrip me, who h not so very indolence; are what to be some addition of temper is the man to fact, but mitudes for the many cases unusual inti- tiveness—some press. In Hawthorne, the first in which man note-books manner in by outer fr collection to the net, man's char everything might one gruous jot of ancient them"; the capacity of long-buried sanctity immensely be to the Letter. propos, w the momen a sense w impromptu has any observation are excell of a mis parison o other tim character on which reflects in its bo to live al himself in places of that he g something editorial. We g of those always vast diff are pro usages. In this In his s scene o seeming results. paragraph in search watch casual waiting one ou We see his rig they h is the

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ripen into fruit-bearing. Hawthorne's keen interest in the people he met and the scenes that passed before him, in the loafers round a tavern bar, in a vagrant on the highway, in the constant changes of sky and foliage and wind, is a frequent, if not a downright common, faculty in men who never produced even the infinitesimal product, as Mr. Carlyle says. Intense sympathy with all forms of human character and life, and with the ever-moving face of inanimate nature, is assuredly a more general emotion than is usually supposed; for it is to this that all the most popular art—the drama and painting, for instance—conspicuously appeals. But, of course, the majority are too busy fighting the wolf at the door to be able to take much trouble to concentrate and incorporate this kind of sympathy, while those who have leisure are as often as not ruined by that very leisure, and drawn aside from laborious habit. It is no easy thing for a man to get into the way of recording at night or the next morning, in plain black and white, anything that may have struck him during the day; and it was just because Hawthorne had got into this way that he was able to outstrip men of similar sympathies and equal powers of observation, who had not the finishing talent of taking trouble. There is not so very much mediocrity in the world which does not come of indolence; or, in other words, the reason why most mediocre people are what they are is in their lack of will, rather than of capacity, to be something other than mediocre. It may be said that the addition of willingness to take pains to an observant and interested temper is a proof that the temper is more intense, and thus forces the man to produce; the willingness to labour is not an ultimate fact, but must be connected with extraordinary and special aptitudes for the given field. There is some truth in this, and in many cases we may leave it an open question whether it was unusual intensity of feeling which vitalized the artist into productiveness—a phrase of Coleridge's, by the way—or whether it was some pressure of outer circumstance that stirred his energies. In Hawthorne's case we should be inclined to think that it was, in the first instance at all events, the outer necessity of producing which made him laborious and productive. Throughout these note-books we see many signs of this. They are examples of the manner in which an author builds up a fabric that he has been set by outer fate rather than by inward propulsion to build up. As a collection of materials, they are very curious; all is fish that comes to the net, and the author seems to have got into the literary man's characteristic habit of looking at everything he read and everything he saw from the point of view of the use which it might one day subserve in his writing. Hence the most incongruous jottings. Thus, side by side, we read that "some chimneys of ancient halls used to be swept by having a culverin fired up them"; that "at Leith, in 1711, a glass bottle was blown of the capacity of two English bushels"; and that "anciently, when long-buried bodies were found undecayed in the grave, a species of sanctity was attributed to them." Anybody can perceive how immensely useful a museum of observations such as these would be to the author of the *House with the Seven Gables*, or the *Scarlet Letter*. The pointed illustration, quaint aside, and felicitous *à propos*, which strike the careless reader as the happy inspiration of the moment, are in truth the labour of years in one sense, and this a sense which is highly creditable to the author. The repute of impromptu is a great deal higher among uncritical people than it has any right to be. Hawthorne's preparatory thoughts and observations are of very various degrees of merit. Sometimes they are excellent, as when he jots down the hint for the "punishment of a miser—to pay the drafts of his heir in his tomb," or the comparison of moonlight to sculpture, of sunlight to painting. At other times they are poor or commonplace, as when he likens a character whom a satirist like Swift has handled to a parched spot on which the devil may be supposed to have spit; or when he reflects that "no fountain so small but that heaven may be imagined in its bosom"; or asks, "what would a man do if he were compelled to live always in the sultry heat of society, and could never better himself in cool solitude?" It is no shame to a man that commonplace of this stamp come to him along with choicer things, or that he should on the spur of the moment, mistaking them for something better than they are, give them a refuge in his note-books; but we have a little right to claim their expungement by editorial discretion.

We get, however, along with many things of this kind, glimpses of those out-of-the-way paths in which Hawthorne's mind was always inclined to travel. He realized to a peculiar degree what vast differences are made in life, what enormous varieties of effect are produced by the slenderest deviation out of habits, sights, or usages, to which the ordinary experience of life has accustomed us. In this respect his note-books only confirm what his stories show. In his stories it is astonishing by what slight touches he charges a scene or an incident with half-weird freshness—with what a seemingly slender supply of machinery he procures such impressive results. There is something instructive of his method in the paragraph about the "young man and girl meeting together, each in search of a person to be known by some particular sign; they watch and wait a great while for that person to pass; at last some casual circumstance discloses that each is the one that the other is waiting for." This idea must have taken full possession of him as one out of which something might be made, for we find it repeated. We see an outline, again, in the "person with the ice-cold hand—his right hand, which people ever afterwards remember when once they have grasped it." Among other characteristic quaintnesses, is the question, standing unaccountable in its isolated state, "What is the price of a day's labour in Lapland, where the sun never sets

for six months?" The next jotting after this tells its own tale; it is simply "Miss Asphyxia Davis." In another place, we find memoranda of names for people in stories, as "Miss Polly Syllable—schoolmistress," "Flesh and Blood—firm of butchers." There is something, too, very characteristic in the suggestion of "A Coroner's Inquest on a murdered man, the gathering of the jury to be described, and the characters of its members—some with secret guilt upon their souls." One rather remarkable memorandum illustrates curiously Hawthorne's readiness to see mystery. He watched "a ground-sparrow's nest in the slope of a bank, brought to view by mowing the grass, but still sheltered and comfortably hidden by a blackberry vine trailing over it. At first four brown-speckled eggs, then two little bare young ones, which, on the slightest noise, lift their heads, and open wide mouths for food, immediately dropping their heads after a broad gape. The action looks as if they were making a most earnest, agonized petition." In another egg, as in a coffin, he could discern "the quiet death-like form of the little bird. *The whole thing had something awful and mysterious about it.*" Here we see Hawthorne's most striking peculiarity in a curiously marked form. Not many men would discern anything awful or mysterious in a nest full of callow young. Yet it must be said that Hawthorne's strong simplicity and minuteness of record awaken in the reader a depth of impression corresponding to that which the sight made upon himself.

The note-books contain ample record of the close observation which Hawthorne paid to incidents in the landscape, atmosphere, sky, vegetation, and the like. So minute a care can only have come from a proportionately intense feeling for nature. Jottings on points of this kind take a place in Hawthorne's note-books which in the diary of a man of another sort would be given to the state of the writer's own sensations and physical impressions. Many days he appears to have thought nothing worthy of notice or record except these natural occurrences. What passes unobserved or unanalysed by the mass is to him worthy of all manner of careful statement; "a windy day," for example, "with wind north-west, and with a prevalence of dull grey clouds over the sky, but with lively, quick glimpses of sunshine." An adjacent mountain, clad with the foliage in its autumn hues, "looked like a headless Sphinx, wrapped in a rich Persian shawl; yesterday, through a diffused mist, with the sun shining on it, had the aspect of burnished copper." And so on, often for day after day, as if he had been a landscape-painter, taking his sketches in words, instead of with pencil and brush. Sometimes a weird thought throws strange figures into the landscape. In his rambles he comes across a pile of logs in a wood, cut so long ago that the moss had accumulated on them, "and leaves falling over them from year to year and decaying, a kind of soil had quite covered them, although the softened outline of the wood-pile was perceptible in the green mound." Forthwith the writer falls to work, imagining "the long-dead woodman, and his long-dead wife and family, and the old man who was a little child when the wood was cut, coming back from their graves and trying to make a fire with this mossy fuel."

Among the remains in the present volumes are clever and minute accounts of all sorts of men whom the writer met on his rambles, excellently done, and such as would come in admirably amid the action of a story; but, as it is, without a setting of this kind, we confess to finding them rather too numerous. They grow a shade wearisome, or, if that be too harsh a way of putting it, at any rate they fail to kindle a continuous interest. The pictures of Hawthorne's domestic life both before and after his marriage are charming; some of the passages being idylls of the best and most delightful quality. Yet even here, after little while, we become conscious of the need of some more deliberately framed setting. In a word, they are graceful sketches, full of promise which was amply redeemed, and it is because we have the fulfillment that one may be excused for a little indifference about the raw material. Those, for instance, who have read the *Blithedale Romance* may be allowed to skip the pages in the note-books which describe the author's life at Brook Farm.

## THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.\*

MR. HUDSON'S little volume is far too modest a contribution to an uninviting field of history to call for any very exacting criticism. The story of Queen Bertha is perhaps rather a slender basis for a general survey of the origin, the conquests, the constitution, and social life of our English forefathers, followed quickly by summaries of the history of Celtic as well as English Christianity. There is something amazing, too, in the blind submission with which the author bows down before the three great sources of his information—Mr. Wright, Count de Montalembert, and Dean Stanley. A quotation, indeed, from the last, which serves to introduce his second chapter, is by far the most amusing thing in his book. The Dean has discovered

five great landings in English history, each of vast importance: the landing of Julius Caesar, which first revealed us to the civilized world and the civilized world to us; the landing of Hengest and Horsa, which gave us our English forefathers and our English characters; the landing of Augustine, which gave us our English Christianity; the landing of William the Conqueror, which gave us our Norman aristocracy; the landing of William III, which gave us our free Constitution.

Since the time when the Scotchman "saw those roads before they were made," we have heard of nothing so wonderful as

\* *Queen Bertha, and her Times.* By E. H. Hudson. London: Rivingtons. 1868.

the landing which it seems revealed "us" to the civilized world before the second landing had given "us" an existence in the land at all. But even this fades before the last astounding discovery that our "free Constitution" dates from 1688, and was the gift of William of Orange. Whiggism has made some marvellous historical statements in its time, but it has never before ventured on the complete abolition of Simon de Montfort and John Pym. We do not, however, pin Mr. Hudson to the political statement of the Dean any more than to his ecclesiastical one. This writer is certainly very far from supposing that the landing of Augustine alone gave us our English Christianity, and his account of the Northern missionaries shows that people are at last awakening to the importance of the labours of the Celtic Church. Taken, indeed, simply as a popular account of the matter, his little book is good evidence of the progress of sound historic views, and of the way in which, as we have had occasion elsewhere to observe, the more accurate statements of modern scholars are filtering gradually through to the lower levels of literature, and quietly superseding the blunders of the last century.

The first and the most provoking of all ecclesiastical blunders is perhaps less attributable to the last century than to the present one. It was simply theological controversy whose exigencies compelled the High-Churchmen of thirty years back to revive "the Ancient British Church," as two centuries before they had forced Usher to invent it. It was a grand thing to meet Popery on its own ground, and, when taunted with the novelty of the Church of the Reformation, to declare Rome the intruder, and Augustine the schismatic. A vague text of St. Paul's, an epigram of Martial's, a rhetorical sentence of Tertullian's, based us firmly on apostolic foundations. The presence of three Bishops at a Council, the martyrdom of a Roman soldier, brought us safe to the fourth century, and enabled us with some comfort to view the repulse of a Papal aggression by the somewhat bellicose logic of Abbot Dinoth. The theory served its purpose admirably; it survives, in fact, in a great many clerical minds still, with far too wholesome an effect for us to wish its instant abolition; but its absence from Mr. Hudson's little account of our Christianity proves, we trust, that Englishmen are beginning to awake to the fact that they are not Welshmen, and that, as a pure matter of ecclesiastical genealogy, they have as much to do with the monks of Bangor as with the Christians of St. Thomas. The religion of the Roman provincial disappeared with the provincial himself; it was in fact the special mark of the conquest of Britain that it involved the extermination of the faith of the conquered people. The barbaric conquests of the Continent were wrought either by races which, like the two branches of the Goths, were already Christian, or by heathens like the Frank, who bowed in the hour of victory before the faith of the conquered. To this oneness of religion was owing the preservation of all that actually survived of the Roman world, and in that preservation was involved the exaltation of the agency which preserved it. To the humbled provincial the Bishop became the *Defensor Civitatis*—the mediator between himself and his master, his one bulwark against oppression and ruin. To the barbarian he was the representative of all that was venerable in the past, the living record of law, the one fount of letters and art. It is impossible now to discover why no such conversion modified the character of the English conquest. The vague rhetoric of Gildas seems indeed to point to the priesthood as the special object of barbaric hatred, but he gives not a word of explanation as to its cause. The legends in which Geoffrey of Monmouth paints the bishops as taking a prominent part in the national resistance may perhaps receive a little confirmation from the fact that when, a hundred years later, they come forward into historic light, they are found sharing in all its bitterness the hatred of their race against the Saxon. But the effect of their extermination on the after religious history of Britain can hardly be exaggerated. When Christianity returned, it came as a stranger into heathen realms, and its organization had to be moulded on the political forms which it found already existing. In Gaul the dioceses preserved down to the Revolution the actual limits of the Roman province or the Celtic canton. The Primate of the Gauls still had his seat at Lyons, though Lyons in the changes of time had passed to the Empire, and looked as a stranger on the realms of the Frank. In England we necessarily find the converse of this state of things. The newcomers attach themselves to the courts of the kings. The new bishops are at the first royal chaplains. The new diocese is co-extensive with the kingdom. Political divisions which have passed away from memory are thus preserved in the limits of existing sees. The diocese of Rochester, until recent modifications of its bounds, represented the obscure realm of West Kent, and it is possible to restore the true frontier of the original Mercia by following the map of the ancient bishopric of Lichfield. A yet deeper difference between the churches of the Continent and the Church of England sprang from the different origin of their clergy. Abroad, as we have seen, the priesthood represented the race of the conquered; in England the new bishops found none to ordain but the sons of the conquerors. The clergy of England from the very outset were a purely national body, of the same blood and living under the same law with the flocks whom they taught. But though time was destined to show the advantages of such a position, its ill effects were the first to show themselves. There was no learned tradition to raise the priesthood permanently out of the ignorance into which in Bede's time they had already sunk. There was no purely ecclesiastical feeling of caste to save them from dying down into the general level of the secular landowner. The very monasteries, a hundred years after their foundation, had

sunk into mere manors and farms. It is amazing to find how little Christianity, after the first fervour of its period of aggression, did for the real culture and civilization of the land. A scholar like Bede, a poet like Cædmon, stand out as bright exceptions in the general immobility. Its true activity at home is political rather than religious; its spiritual zeal, its literary enthusiasm, find spheres with Boniface and Alcuin over sea.

It is difficult not to attribute this religious and intellectual stagnation to the influence of the tradition of Augustine; in other words, to the Latin Church in Kent. Dean Hook has well brought out the fact that the period from the death of its first primate to the arrival of Theodore was for that Church a period of total inaction. Its earlier archbishops are strangers; after the razzia of Paulinus on the north it ceases to take any part in the conversion of England; its whole energies seem to exhaust themselves in spurring the Kentish princes to our earliest religious persecutions. Other hands were carrying on the work of evangelization. French and Burgundian missionaries were winning their way in Sussex and the eastern coasts; but the true centre of missionary effort was found in the Celtic Church of the north. Cuthbert, Aidan, and Chad are the true founders of English Christianity north of the Thames. The very looseness of its ecclesiastical organization seems to have given this Celtic movement a singular power of developing the spiritual and intellectual forces which were latent in the race which it influenced. The first English historian, the first English poet, the first English scholar, the first English missionary, were witnesses to the new impulse which it gave. It fell before the organization of Theodore, and with it all this outburst of life seems to have passed away. No time is intellectually or religiously more barren than the centuries that elapse between the primacy of Theodore and the primacy of Dunstan. And yet it would be absurd to look upon the work of the great eastern Archbishop, or the influence of the Latin Christianity which he represented, as simply injurious. In his work of organization, in his diocesan and parochial arrangements, in his synods and his canons, in his gradual conquest of England for his see, Theodore was really doing a political rather than an ecclesiastical work. The old provincial divisions were breaking down. Slowly and fitfully, through inner dissensions and external attacks, England was drawing together towards national unity. The work was, in fact, accomplished by the Danish invasions, by the ruin of Northumbrian and Mercian independence, and by the heroic resistance which lifted Wessex into the championship of the whole people. But the ground had been already prepared by the efforts of Theodore. The ecclesiastical unity which he had brought about had paved the way for political oneness, the single throne of Canterbury had made it easy for men to submit to the single throne at Winchester. The regular subordination of priest to bishop, of bishop to primate, formed the mould on which the actual organization of the new kingdom easily framed itself, as the sub-king sank into the ealdorman, and the chief into the thegn. Above all, in his councils lay the germ of the national Witanagemot, and the decrees of his synods formed the precedent for a national system of law. It is this national rather than any ecclesiastical influence that is historically due to the Church of Kent. It was not Christianity that landed with Augustine, but the constitutional forms into which our old Teutonic freedom was to run. The subject, however, is a very large one, and we are not blaming the biographer of Queen Bertha for having confined himself to the easier and more picturesque story which Bede has made familiar. The book, as we said at the outset, is a very simple and unpretending one, and our only advice to its author in any future effort is to read a little more for himself, and to bow a little less humbly before the feet of Dean Stanley and Mr. Thomas Wright.

#### THE LOST LINK.\*

WE must admit that Mr. Hood has done as well as could fairly be expected with the materials he has chosen. In one sense, to be sure, an author who voluntarily selects an unpromising field of labour cannot be absolved from censure because he reaps therefrom a meagre harvest. The world is all before him where to choose, and it is his own fault if he makes a bad choice. Despite all the genius and all the artistic skill of its author, *Romola* was unquestionably dull, and to the ordinary run of novel-readers almost unintelligible; and if George Eliot could not make a thorn-tree produce grapes, it is no reproach to Mr. Hood that he has failed in a similar attempt. We felt a misgiving directly we read the preface, in which the author announces his design of making "something new out of those stock materials of fiction—bigamy and the detective police." Now if there are two more than commonly uninteresting subjects, they are just these—bigamy and the detective police. Bigamy is an offence—as well as an error of judgment, for prudent people are generally satisfied with a single matrimonial experience—that prevails chiefly among the uneducated poor of agricultural districts, and is due to their dense ignorance of the laws and statutes of their country on marriage and divorce as made and provided, and also to certain crude ideas of their own; as, for instance, that desertion, or misconduct, or incompatibility of temper, is a sufficient justification for immediate dissolution of partnership and for subsequent wanderings into fresh woods and

\* *The Lost Link.* A Novel. By Tom Hood, Author of "A Golden Heart," &c. &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1868.

pastures new. The detective police are a body of upright and remarkably stupid officials, who are remarkable for their large appetites, and for the pertinacious zeal with which they hunt down, and the triumphant satisfaction with which they capture, the wrong man. And from these two ingredients we were at a loss to see how any new dish could be produced. But we had a further misgiving—namely, lest, out of sheer disgust at the insipidity of his materials, Mr. Hood might be tempted to dress them up with some false and foreign saucers, in the hope of rendering them more palatable. Something new will, one fancies, be something startling also; and there rose before us a dim vision of the sensational bigamist, beautiful, serene, unscrupulous, heaven in her eyes, hell in her heart, scheming, persuading, caressing, killing, a fascination to her lovers, a terror to her enemies, but scared at times by the spectre of a coming Nemesis, and crushed down at last even by the weight of her own terrible secrets—

Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand  
The downward slope to death.

And then the detective! He might be an inductive philosopher, à la Edgar Poe, able to argue from a button up to a burglary; or—and we knew that Mr. Hood was fond of a joke—he might be a wag. Horror of horrors! a funny policeman, accompanying the click of the handcuff with a pun, setting the mouths of the stolid jurymen grinning, and causing the awful gravity of the judge himself to be momentarily relaxed. But all these fancies were groundless. Mr. Hood has used no unworthy arts to excite a factitious interest. Having chosen a dull subject he has stuck to it manfully, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left from the groove of dulness along which he elected to run. Having a plain dinner to offer us, he has not cooked it so as to disguise from us what we are eating. Having got hold of a jackdaw, he has not dressed him up in peacock's plumage. With regard to the bigamy question, Mr. Hood's novel treatment of that consists in showing that the person charged with that offence never committed it and never dreamed of committing it. There is a sly sort of humour in advertising a new version of a subject, and then kicking the subject altogether overboard—in professing, for instance, to show the thief in a new light, and then explaining that he never stole. It is akin in spirit to the famous chapter on snakes in Norway—There are no snakes in Norway. But we think Mr. Hood is quite right. Despite the attractions attributed to bigamy by popular authoresses in these latter days, we hold it to be a very stupid and senseless sin. Polygamy we can understand; agamy we can still more readily understand; but the bigamist appears to court wilfully the fate attaching to him who tries to rest between two stools. What was said of the patient of two physicians might also be said of the husband of two wives. It is possible, in either case, to survive the attentions of one; but two,

like a pair of oars,  
Bear one more swiftly to the Stygian shores.

And so Mr. Hood's hero, dull as he is, and not exalted above his fellows, has too much common sense to walk into so palpable a booby-trap as bigamy. He has been accused of embezzlement; it was probable. He stands convicted of breaking out of prison; it was natural. He confesses to having stolen a suit of clothes; it was necessary. But bigamy—poor, slow, half-honest, half-dishonest fellow, half-sinner, half-sinned against, he laughs at such an outrage on common sense. He pooh-poohs the idea of the thing altogether. It has no charms for him, or for any human being, dull or bright; and it has about as much claim to be called an interesting crime as Madame Rachel's bottled ditch-water has to be labelled Dew of Sahara. Equally free from false colouring is Mr. Hood's picture of the British detective. He even represents him as a trifle more ravenous, a trifle more self-satisfied, and a trifle more unintelligent than we had imagined him to be. He eats large quantities of tripe after the labours of the day are over, and washes it down with frequent libations of hot and hot. He regards "the force" as the greatest institution of any age or country, and himself as the great ornament and chief corner-stone thereof. He relies exclusively on isolated pieces of circumstantial evidence, and follows them up blindly, doggedly, angrily, as necessarily leading to one conclusion, forgetting that there are certain problems which admit of more than one solution. Finally, he is kicked down stairs as an illogical dogmatist who has mistaken a probability for a certainty, and is very properly made to end his days as chief of a private inquiry-office, a species of establishment much sought after by those who do not object to pay a great deal of money for a very little information, and that little perhaps not true.

The remainder of the society to which we are introduced is pretty well in keeping. We have a poor, weak, spiritless young lady for heroine, with a sordid, underbred, match-making mamma to look after her. We have two barristers, one young, handsome, and penniless, with of course a great disposition to marry and bring up a dozen children on butterflies and rose-leaves; the other, well off, with an intense love for other people's children, and a fixed resolve to have none of his own. Then we have an old Englishman, resident in France, a *gobemouche* of the first rank, who believes that all that glitters is gold, and that French countesses are as substantial realities as British peeresses. We have divers odd and uncomfortable people to be found in London—a Jew attorney, a depressed wharfinger, an accomplished house-

breaker, a lodging-house-keeper addicted to spirits, and the like. And, lastly, we have a mad young baronet, of whom we need not make very particular mention, for we only meet him on three occasions of any importance. On the first, he jumps out of an hotel window, and leaves his portmanteau behind on the rug; on the second, he is married; and on the third, he jumps into the sea, and leaves his will behind on the beach. Now all these people are what we may fairly call commonplace characters; and, so far from idealizing them in any way, or rounding off their angles, or smoothing down their rough places, Mr. Hood has rather portrayed them as if he had inspected their special weaknesses through a magnifying glass. He has painted them—warts, wrinkles, and all; paying particular attention to the warts and the wrinkles. "Nothing extenuate" might have been the motto of his work; for assuredly he has not gifted the baronet with a glimpse of sanity, nor the Anglo-Frenchman with a spark of penetration, nor the match-making mamma with a grain of honour, nor the daughter with an ounce of pluck and determination, nor the young barrister with a fraction of patience, nor the old barrister with a suspicion of domesticity, nor the detective with a shadow of diffidence, nor his persecuted victim with a single slice of luck—till the very last chapter. They are all of the earth, earthy, and Mr. Hood has no notion of changing their natures. He that is stupid, let him be stupid still; and he that is born to be sat upon, let him be sat upon still. Thus it results that we have the verisimilitude of the persons among whom we pass our existence presented to us; and dull, mean, and unchangeable as most of us discover our neighbours to be, we can peer yet further into the abyss of their dulness, meanness, and monotonous individuality, after reading three volumes containing carefully selected incidents of their lives, and carefully selected specimens of their conversation. Mr. Hood has written the truth; and however stupid it may be, we thank him for it.

The link that is lost in the first chapter and not found till the last, and on the discovery of which the story turns, relates to a question of identity. There is a certain Sir Charles Lewis—the mad baronet of whom we have spoken; and there is a certain Edward Griffin, the persecuted victim. The former has run away from his keepers, the latter from his prison. The pair meet at a country inn, and each takes the other to be a detective, planted there for his special be-hoof. The baronet jumps out of the window and leaves his luggage; the escaped prisoner follows suit, but takes the left luggage with him, a change of dress being a matter of urgent necessity to him. Thus these two go about the world afterwards under the same name, Charles Lewis, the escaped prisoner being perforce obliged to adopt the name marked on the clothes he is wearing. The real detective, who arrives shortly afterwards, is thus early involved in a muddle, from which he never extricates himself. For he is so pleased to get on the track of his man that he never stops to find out that there was a second visitor at the inn. And consequently, when he hears of his man again as Charles Lewis, he is quite unconscious of there being another Charles Lewis, the real owner of the name, in fact. So when the silly heroine marries Sir Charles Lewis, at the instigation of the match-making mamma, down swoops the detective on his fancied prey. The baronet, fancying that he is about to be remitted to an asylum, rushes violently down a steep place into the sea, and the detective informs the ladies that they are fortunately relieved from an escaped convict. Again, when he actually comes across Edward Griffin, he takes him into custody as Charles Lewis, the runaway husband. It will be easily imagined that these complications are gradually cleared up, and that the detective is proved to be a gross bungler at his own business. It will also be guessed that the two barristers exert themselves in the matter, in hunting up evidence and in examining witnesses; and it may gratify some to know that at the end of it all the young barrister marries the silly heroine, who indeed would have married him at the outset if "ma" had not been unable to resist the attraction of a live baronet. The Anglo-French *gobemouche*, whose domestic mischances are recounted at some length, is merely interpolated to fill up the book; any straw is better than nothing to help to make up a brick. And the Jew attorney, the spirituous landlady, the wharfinger, and the housebreaker, play those parts for which Providence destined them, and which the necessities of the case require. It would be idle to enter into a more extended analysis of a story which is neither interesting in itself, nor interesting on account of the persons through whose agencies it is worked out. We can only speak again in praise of the truthfulness and accuracy which Mr. Hood has shown in his delineations of the common objects of London and provincial life. And if he can so faithfully photograph stupidity, pettiness, and meanness, we do not see why he should not prove equally successful when, on some future occasion, he aims higher, and presents us with some more favourable and more exalted studies of humanity. There is a time for gin and water, and there is a time for nobler liquors. We get plenty of the gin and water in real life—insipidity, sickly-sweet sentimentalisms, muddy apprehensions. We like a little champagne in our novels. They are then more pleasant to read, and infinitely more pleasant to criticize.

## AGNES SOREL.\*

ONE grand mistake runs through the whole of this volume. If it is a book about Agnes Sorel, there is too much about things in general. If it is a book about things in general, there is too much about Agnes Sorel. We doubt whether Agnes herself is worth 424 octavo pages, and M. Steenackers seems to doubt also. At least a large portion of the book is devoted to other matters. The political and moral state of France in the fifteenth century is undoubtedly worth 424 pages, and of those pages some might very fairly be devoted to Agnes. But here we have a sort of current of Agnes running through a great deal which is not Agnes. She turns up very often, and yet between whiles she often goes out of sight long enough to get well nigh forgotten. Except these periodical appearances of Agnes, the book cannot be said to be written on any intelligible plan, and the amount of padding is frightful. M. Steenackers is not above the trick, done in innocence by very young writers, and in wickedness by bookmakers, of piecing out the text with long quotations from all manner of writers, old and new. Altogether, though the book is honestly written from original writers, it is wearisome and pretentious. All that there is really to be said about Agnes Sorel might have been got into a fifth, perhaps into a tenth, of the space; and a real treatise on the moral and political state of France during the fifteenth century should have taken another shape. Moreover the book contains a large amount of unmixed twaddle, which is equally out of place in a work on either subject.

As far as we can make out M. Steenackers' object, this volume is meant to be a contribution to the great work of rehabilitation. M. Steenackers sets himself to rehabilitate the fair Agnes. But does Agnes stand in need of rehabilitation? It strikes us that M. Steenackers leaves her very much where he found her. The popular conception of Agnes Sorel is very much the same as the view which is taught us by M. Steenackers. She is the mistress of a King, but a mistress whose influence was used wholly for good. She raised her lover out of carelessness and sloth to play a part more becoming his birth, office, and position. She even raised him in a moral point of view. The twenty years' reign of Agnes, ended only by her death, was a time of comparative respectability in the life of Charles the Seventh. Before his acquaintance with her, and again after her death, he was given up to profligacy of a much more vulgar and degrading kind. So says M. Steenackers, but this is just what the world in general says too. The only point where there is any room for rehabilitation lies in the fact that one or two contemporary writers speak less respectfully of Agnes than agrees with the usual notion. The process of rehabilitation must be directed against any inferences which may be made from these writers; against any general popular belief, the windmill against which the rehabilitator commonly tilts, there is really no call for it.

Agnes Sorel was certainly a remarkable woman, and we do not say that she does not deserve a monograph. But it would be cruel to say that she deserved a monograph so long and so tiresome as that of M. Steenackers. She filled what her panegyrist delicately calls "a false position," but in that false position she behaved as well as she could behave. That is to say, she added no further fault to her original fault. She was not a married woman like Montespan and Châteaubriand. She was not an utter profligate like Du Barry. Nor did she use her influence like Pompadour to stir up strife and bloodshed throughout Europe. She did not indeed atone for her fault by penitence like La Vallière, as she remained the King's mistress to the last, and died in childbirth of her fourth illegitimate child. But there seems no reason to doubt that her influence over Charles the Seventh was a good influence. It may be going too far to say, in the grotesque language of one of her epitaphs, that she "made the expulsion of the English from France the price of her favours"; but she clearly did a good deal to arouse her lover to more manly feelings and actions. Still this is hardly reason enough for making her into the central figure of a volume of vague talk, which sometimes goes so far as to make a kind of parallel between Agnes and Joan of Arc.

We wonder whether it would be possible, by any application of paste and scissors, to construct a history of Charles the Seventh and Agnes Sorel out of M. Steenackers' book. We would not lightly commit ourselves either way before the experiment was tried. There is certainly a great deal about them in the course of the book. About Agnes there is perhaps as much as we could expect to find in any book. But, if M. Steenackers follows any principle of arrangement, it is one so subtle that we have not been able to light upon it. It is at least not a chronological arrangement. Mr. Steenackers goes backwards and forwards, a bit about Charles, a bit about Agnes, a bit about something else, till one is altogether bewildered. Certainly the life of Agnes forms a kind of thread round which the whole is twisted, and that is about all. M. Steenackers has certainly got together a good deal of curious matter illustrating his more general subject, the political and moral state of France in the fifteenth century. In the course of it we come across some old friends, Little John of Saintré, and the Knight of La-Tour-Landry and his daughters. M. Steenackers has clearly worked hard at the literature of the time, and he has got together a valuable heap of materials. But

then, in his hands it remains only a heap of materials. He throws it all down together, statements, arguments, illustrations, leaving us to pick out what we can. And on the whole the picture is not an attractive one. The twaddle of chivalry, together with a great deal of formal devotion, a great deal about love and honour, and all the rest of it, is strangely mixed up with an amount of cruelty and profligacy certainly surpassing those of some ages which, as far as outward polish goes, pass for being more barbarous. It is not an age of any great and striking movement. As a transitional age, it is one of great historical importance. It is an age when new things were largely supplanting old ones. But they were mainly supplanting them bit by bit, without any such great and open stirrings of the whole world as we find earlier and later. The age of the Crusades is past, the age of the Reformation is not yet come.

In France the fifteenth century is of special importance, as being the time when the consolidation of France in the modern sense took more rapid strides than at any time before or after, and when the feeling of patriotism for France as a common country first began to have much influence. On this head M. Steenackers has some remarks which are worth quoting:—

La longue guerre contre les Anglais a suscité le patriotisme dans le peuple et l'a fait grandir sans cesse avec le progrès même des maux qu'elle entraînait. Dans les classes aristocratiques il y avait quelque chose de plus: la France n'était pas seulement pour elle le sol nourricier ou la terre des ancêtres; elle était la patrie de l'âme, la terre privilégiée de l'esprit et de la grandeur morale, telle qu'on la comprenait alors. On pourrait faire bien des objections, et singulièrement trouver dans Froissart et dans le caractère même du chroniqueur des raisons de penser que l'idée de patrie n'existe pas au quatorzième siècle: cela ne prévaudrait point contre notre point de vue. Le quatorzième siècle n'est pas le quinzième, et puis nous ne disons pas que l'idée de la patrie ait apparu à la conscience, même au sein des châteaux, dans tout son jour, avec toute sa clarté, et y ait éclaté brusquement sous l'aile de la muse.

The last words set M. Steenackers on one of his hobbies, and he soon gets off into talk which is rather too fine for us; but his general remark is quite to the purpose. The description of a man as a "bon Français," "bonus Gallicus," was familiar under Charles the Seventh and Louis the Eleventh; we doubt whether it would have been intelligible a hundred years earlier. The English invasions had drawn the whole country closer together, and their final result was to make a large region French, both politically and to some extent in feeling, which had never been French before. The result of the Hundred Years' War on the English side was to exchange Aquitaine for Calais.

The stage of the story at which Agnes comes on the scene presents the most singular turning about of all earlier relations. The English King reigns, not only at Rouen, which seems natural enough, but at Paris also, which seems passing strange. The French King has quartered himself in the very home of our King of the House of Anjou. His chief dwelling-places lie along the Loire valley, and his chief strength is drawn from the lands south of the great boundary stream. The Loire sends M. Steenackers off into a grand fit of enthusiasm at the beginning of his sixth chapter. It shows how differently different people look at the same thing. The peculiar source of interest which M. Steenackers finds as attaching to the banks of the Loire is one which would not have occurred to us:—

Quand on parcourt les bords de la Loire, on est assailli de souvenirs historiques d'un caractère particulier: les châteaux répandus sur le fleuve ou sur ses affluents, l'Indre, le Cher, la Vienne, les bois, les ruines, la tradition, tout parlé de femmes célèbres et nous montre l'image de quelque reine ou de quelque maîtresse de roi. C'est là comme le privilège du beau fleuve, du grand fleuve français: les souvenirs qui le peuplent sont gracieux comme ses rives, et l'imagination, en quelque sorte, s'harmonise avec la réalité.

The Rhine is the great German stream, but the Loire is not the great French stream. It is just because it is not purely French, but the boundary of France and Aquitaine, that the Loire has a special interest. And the Loire and its tributaries really suggest remembrances both older and more attractive than the long string of Queens and royal mistresses which M. Steenackers goes on to inflict upon us. By all means let the ladies, from Agnes onwards, have their place, but one would really have thought that the special associations attached to the Loire are those which gather round the great House of Anjou and the great ecclesiastical city of Tours. Surely Saint Martin and Charles Martel and the Fulks and the Geffroys down to the great Count-King who died at Chinon, surely the long warfare of Northman and Angevin and Breton, are worth at least as much as Gabrielle and La Vallière and Agnes herself—even with Mary Stuart to boot. That this latter group should stand first in the eyes of M. Steenackers is only natural, for M. Steenackers has specially devoted himself to the *demi-monde* of history. But it is rather hard to shut out every thing else, and to make it the great attraction of the Loire that "Agnès Sorel est née en Touraine; elle est, pour ainsi dire, une fille du grand fleuve national, une nymphe sortie de ses eaux."

We had fully resolved to try to analyse M. Steenackers' account of Agnes herself, this river-born nymph, and to work out the specialties of his case on her behalf. But the work was really too much for us. We tried to disentangle the story itself from the mass of parasitical matter which has gathered round it. But we were always losing the thread, and falling back on some of the countless episodes of the volume. In short, M. Steenackers' own influence was too much for us. We found it hopeless to try to review his book except in the same sort in which he has written

\* *Agnès Sorel et Charles VII. Essai sur l'État politique et moral de la France au XV<sup>e</sup> Siècle.* Par F.-F. Steenackers. Paris: Didier et C<sup>ie</sup>.

it. We trust we have not done him injustice. We believe that M. Steenackers has really worked at his period, and there are parts of his book which, taken separately, are by no means without interest, but, as a whole, it is not a little wearisome.

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS.—No. II.

**A**UNT JUDY means Mrs. Alfred Gatty, and the homely name is familiar to many young folks, with a familiarity which has bred love rather than contempt. Aunt Judy's Christmas volume is, as we understand it, only a re-issue of a monthly *Aunt Judy's Magazine* (Bell and Daldy). Here are translations from Andersen, original verses, some by Mr. Hoskyns-Abrahall, above the usual magazine average, and original stories almost in the Andersen vein by the accomplished editress—as we suppose the phrase is—with very fair woodcuts; one, that of an albatross's nest, by the famous Wolf, of rare power.

*Goldsmith's Poetical Works* (Bell and Daldy) rather falls back upon the type of Christmas books which has of late years gone out of favour or fashion with the providers of this annual literature. Certainly we were overdone with the stock classics; the orthodox Wordsworth, the regular Gray, and the accredited Falconer's Shipwreck. Goldsmith was one of the most popular, because the most portable; and now we have once more Goldsmith with the usual accompaniment of the graceful, and perhaps over-refined, woodcuts from Cope, Redgrave, Horsley, and the other members of the Etching Club. The volume is very nicely printed, the paper what they called toned, and altogether this is a dainty little volume, quite the sort of thing for a young lady's "select shelf."

*Six Fairy Records*, by Miss—or Mrs.—Moscrop (Chapman and Hall), exhibit some invention, and some purpose. But what very odd names to select for her heroines, who seem to belong to no period or race in particular, such as Florinda, Lucina, and Aspasia; but we suspect that the writer did not go further in finding them out than their sound.

*Clever Dogs, Horses, &c.* (Partridge).—The collector of anecdotes, Shirley Hibberd, is far inferior to the draughtsman, Harrison Weir. The pictures are first-rate; the tales very second-rate, and the stories sometimes deficient in point, and now and then as one would think in credibility. But with such excellent drawing we can pardon the literary shortcomings of the author.

Inferior in the matter of illustration, and not superior in the way of literature, is *Jack the Conqueror*, from the same publisher. The story, however, is of the good average moral, so seldom we fear a fact, of difficulties in life overcome by the mere power of a strong will. The will is generally a matter more of education than instinct.

*The Child's Illustrated Poetry Book* (Routledge).—Hymns and verses for small children to repeat; from Dr. Watts and writers less familiar, but of the same school.

*The Boy Foresters*, by Ann Bowman (Routledge).—An attempt, none the worse perhaps because it is at least the hundredth, to meet the great yearning for activity in the boyish mind, which in Whitechapel leads to the imitation as well as admiration of Jack Sheppard, and which among respectable lads suggests dwelling in a desert island and doing Robinson Crusoe.

*The Doctor's Ward* (Routledge) is a tale for girls, apparently for older girls, and it might be called a novel, for it seems to end in marriage.

From the same publishers we have to mention a whole string of nursery productions, technically known as Toy-books—that is, thick-papered, big-printed, flaunting pictured sheets, very gay and prominent in colour—*Aunt Mavor's Toy-books*. There are at least thirty or forty of them, all about the sea-side, and grammar, and good children and bad children, and all the rest of it. Slightly in advance of these is our old friend *Puss in Boots*, a world-renowned tale. This edition is not so artistic as Otto Speckter's *Booted Cat*, but there is some fun in the artist.

*Harry's Ladder to Learning* (Ward and Lock) is a thick volume of progressive teachings, beginning with a horn-book—only there is no horn in the matter—and then a set of monosyllabic lessons, and then a collection of nursery rhymes, then natural history stories, illustrated calendars, and a hundred other pieces of schoolroom paraphernalia, all graduated and in scale and proportion, all illustrated, and all wise, and now and then merry.

Madame Goubaud's Four *Manuals of Crochet, Embroidery, and some other arts feminine* (Ward and Lock) seem to show that there are—or if there are not, it is not for lack of instruction—some girls of the period who cultivate the art of adorning their homes as well as their faces.

*Songs for the Little Ones* seem to be partly original and partly selected from sources with which we are not familiar, but which appear to be the same as those to which Mr. Routledge in a similar set of child's verses has had access. This is the smarter and larger volume; it is rather preachingly sententious, but varied in character, though the humorous element is in defect.

A novelty in nursery books is almost like the discovery of that new pleasure which the old sensualist advertised for; but Mrs. Broderip, one Tom Hood's daughter and another Tom Hood's sister, is to be congratulated on having achieved a novelty, or something very like one. *Tales of the Toys, told by themselves*, (Griffith and Farran), a vile alliteration by the way, is very Andersenish—if so, where is the novelty? it will be said. Why

in this, that though the great Dane made inanimate things talk, and talk well, he had not a brother to do the drawings for him. Mrs. Broderip has, and though we cannot say that Mr. Hood is quite an artist of the first rank, he has got the root of the matter in him, and what he means to express he expresses, grotesquely enough perhaps, but still with force. This is a funny little book.

Messrs. Griffith and Farran, always to be mentioned with respect as the direct descendants of Mr. Newberry of the Goldsmith period, and keeping the shop under the shadow of St. Paul's made glorious by the ancient memories of *Tommy Trott*, send us a French book, the *Little Gipsy*, with pictures by the great Frolich, cut in a decided masculine way, which ought to bring some of our English scratchers to shame. The translation is by Miss Blackwell; the book itself has been subsidized, or patronized, by the Minister of Education. It looks dull and rather official, but the cuts are first-rate.

The *White Violet* (Griffith and Farran).—This is a little girl, not a flower. The author is Karl Spen, and we suppose that we have here a translation. The subject seems to be the *domestic facts* of the nursery—the nursery distresses, nursery games, nursery tricks, and nursery naughtinesses; morality taught by solemn, sound, historical instances of juvenile virtues and juvenile sins.

The *Basket of Flowers* (Warne) is a translation from a German tale of a serious and moral, but not very original, cast. "Piety and truth triumphant" is story-teller's justice, and it is quite right that it should be enforced; but because actual life so often contradicts it, there is the more reason that fictitious life should enforce it. The illustrations have a foreign and old-fashioned look, almost Watteauish.

Mrs. Jameson's *Female Sovereigns* appears in a well-earned fourth edition (Routledge), and the coterie of writers and artists who rejoice in the truculent name of the *Savage Club*—their roaring is pleasant and innocent enough—reprint their *Papers* (Tinsley).

*Old Merry's Annual* (Hodder and Stoughton) is, we believe, a favourite with young people. The cuts are coarse, and in one affecting to be a view of Cologne the artist has achieved a novelty, if not a success, by eliminating, as the penny-a-liners say, the cathedral.

*Carols of Cockayne*, by Mr. Henry S. Leigh (Hotten), is amusing. The author has diligently studied the Bon Gaultier method; and in his parodies he not only suggests, but occasionally rivals, his model. The lightness occasionally verges on flimsiness. As far as we can make out, the verses are by various hands, and have appeared in magazines. Some are sprightly *vers de société*, and in those which suggest the more unbuttoned side of London life we detect no impropriety.

*Sketches Abroad with Pen and Pencil* (Sampson Low) is by an American artist. We can say but little in commendation of his pen work. It is thin, flippant, and full of those bad verbal jests which pass across the Atlantic for humour. Mr. Felix Darby is very tedious in his funniness; but his sketches are admirable, and bear the impress of truth in every line. Here our commendation ends; though we mean to commend sincerely. Travellers see strange things, and Mr. Darby has had the good luck to see the tombs of the four Georges in Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster. He has also learned that from the top of Chester Cathedral Charles I. witnessed the defeat of his army by Cromwell at Rowton Moor. Mr. Darby, happening to be in Paris, is certainly to be congratulated on the "rare stroke of good fortune by which he one day blundered into the Louvre"—well for him if all his blunders were so happy. That, for example, in which he says that St. Paul is said to have preached at St. Martin's, Canterbury; or that other, in which he looks for the Tabard Inn, not in Southwark, but Canterbury.

Here is another collection of Frolich's charming drawings in the shape of a translation, or adaptation, whatever that may be, of a French story by Stahl, published by Seeley, under the title of *Little Rosy's Voyage round the World*, the said circumnavigation being performed by a small family of would-be Columbuses and Robinson Crusoes in a French park. We cannot too highly commend the artist's serio-comic vein.

Does it argue poverty in our book-makers, or does it prove the immense demand for these Christmas wares, that so many of them are foreign importations? A good deal of our popular science is from the favourite French writer M. Figuer; and in *Mountain Adventures* (Seeley) we have a compilation of ascents and perilous escapes in connexion with all the great peaks of the Alps and Andes, from De Saussure to the Alpine Club. The original authors are MM. Zurcher and Margolé. This looks like an abridgement of the original work which has been translated by Mrs. Lockyer and published by Bentley.

One rather wonders whether there can be a market for the sale of the reproduction of Combe's slipshod domestic epic of *Dr. Syntax's Tour*. Mr. Hotten, however, relying, we suppose, on the artistic interest of Rowlandson's famous coloured prints, has made the attempt. A curious life of Combe is prefixed to this edition, and this biography gives an odd picture of the literary Bohemian of a past and not very creditable generation.

John Timbs, one of the most useful compilers of the day, and who has produced the largest collection of manuals on things which everybody ought to know, and about which everybody does know something, but, like Homer's Margites, knows it all very badly, has

published a curious gossiping volume, under the not very happy title *Eccentricities of the Animal Creation* (Seeley and Jackson); that is, about rare animals and their habits, menageries, folk-lore about the brute creation, myths about mermaids and sea-serpents. Addressed to young folks, this interesting work recalls a good deal of knowledge which all of us have forgotten, and which would take us much trouble to recover, were it not for our Timbs—here, as always, good at need.

*Ridicula Rediviva* (Macmillan).—This is most gracious fooling, and we know what the imprudent confession will cost us as to the estimate to be formed of our critical powers, but it is, in our silly and childish judgment, nearly the best Christmas book out. Whether Mr. J. E. Rogers is connected with the famous Book of Nonsense we know not. But he is a well-informed archaeologist, and has great and accurate acquaintance with manuscripts and medieval illuminations. The especial fun of this rather handsome book is the caricature of the old stiff miniaturists with all their luxury of prominent colour, and stiff but significant drawing, in the form of Nursery Rhymes, illuminated after the best style and spirit of a monastic Scriptorium, but all of them turned into modern dress, character, and details, and yet all conventionalized and stiffened into the genuine archaic pedantry, with rubricated capitals, and most quaint and contorted legends which cannot be read. One thing we have to observe; in so serious a matter as the purity of the text of the nursery rhymes, we are as stout as the combatants over the Vatican MS., and we pause to inquire what is the critical authority for the alteration in "Mistress Mary, quite contrary" (which we believe to be "Mary, Mary, quite contrary"), of the final line which Mr. Rogers gives as "and daisies all of a row"! We stick to the venerable *textus receptus* "and pretty maids all of a row"—said pretty maids being very likely specimens of the flower *Marguerite*, but "daisies" is as they say a frigid reading, and has no savour of mediævalism. Again, the "tuffet on which Miss Muffet sat" was not a cushion, but a fat clump of moss. The sun has spots; and even Mr. Rogers may be criticized.

*The British Workman* (Partridge), and the *Band of Hope Review* (Partridge), are engaged in advocating a cause good enough in itself but not always judiciously recommended by its advocates. But of the merits of this manly style of vigorous, dashing woodcuts—which look as if they were hatchet and chisel work, so bold and forcible are the lines—there can be but one opinion. They represent an art which covers with shame the finicking scratching of some of our more fashionable xylographers.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE indefatigable M. Littré\* has nearly come to the end of his dictionary; or, rather, the printers have nearly finished their work, for the original MS. was sent long ago to the press, and nothing but an accident has delayed the progress of what will certainly remain as one of the greatest intellectual monuments of which modern France can boast. It is generally supposed that dictionaries are very tedious works, and that no one can get any amusement out of them. Bayle's piquant compilation is, however, an exception; and M. Littré's may, we think, claim to be another. Every line supplies information, always of the safest kind, and often conveyed in a very amusing form. Thus, under the word *parafe*, we find a quotation from Picard's excellent comedy, *M. Musard*, about a simple-minded but curious old gentleman who thinks that a flourish (*parafe*) appended to his name will prevent it from being forged. Who would imagine, *à priori*, that *pantaloons* was connected with the idea of mercy and kindness? M. Littré proves this fact, however, in the most conclusive manner. There is no doubt that this new *Dictionnaire de la Langue française* will supersede the once famous *Dictionnaire de l'Académie*, and in this particular case Mr. Matthew Arnold's theory about the superior advantages of literary guilds falls completely to the ground.

Lieutenant Mage's account of his travels and residence in the tropical regions of Western Africa † is an excellent work of its class. This gentleman is of opinion that negroes have been very much calumniated, and that we should not accept altogether the severe judgment pronounced upon them by some modern travellers. We make no attempt to decide between two theories which can boast of equally learned and experienced supporters; we shall merely content ourselves with saying that Lieutenant Mage has written a highly interesting and instructive book, which throws new light not only upon the geography, the history, and the natural features of Senegal, but on the political relations of the inhabitants of that country with Europe. It has hitherto been considered impossible for Europeans to influence materially the condition of Western Africa, on account of the supposed difficulties to be encountered by an expedition attempting to sail up the Niger. Lieutenant Mage holds this objection to be futile, and he adds that a sum of between 200,000 and 300,000 francs would be amply sufficient for the purpose. The only means of improving Africa is, in his opinion, to establish colonial centres on each important river, and he would especially discourage the spread of Islamism. His book, handsomely illustrated with maps and woodcuts, is an ac-

\* *Dictionnaire de la Langue française*. Par M. Littré. Livraisons 18—20. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Voyage dans le Soudan occidental*. Par M. E. Mage, Lieutenant de Vaisseau. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

count of three years (1863—66) honourably spent in the cause of civilization and science.

There are many persons who every year devote a month or six weeks to Continental travel, but there are many more who must content themselves with studying the Continent at second hand; and for these the guide-books now so familiar to tourists under the name of *Guides-Joanne* may have no small value.\* Without leaving their fireside they may wander in the easiest manner from one end of France to the other, surveying nature in its most varied aspects, the wonders of art, the resources of industry, manufactures, and commerce. The present instalment of the *Itinéraire* comprises the portion of France watered by the river Loire, which is particularly interesting in an historical point of view. Starting from Paris by the Orleans Railway, we visit the Gothic Cathedrals of Chartres and Bourges, the Renaissance palaces of Blois, Chenonceaux, and Chambord, and the Roman ruins of Nismes, Arles, and Montpellier. Each department has its special map, each large city is represented in a neat and well engraved plan, and every detail is given which can assist the traveller. Or, if agriculture is the special subject of his pursuit, he will find all the information bearing upon the *res rustica* of the country compactly put together in a series of popular volumes entitled *La France agricole*.† Each of the works belonging to this set contains an account of the physical geography of the district under notice. Climate, soil, cereals, useful and injurious plants, domestic animals—all these topics are amply discussed; whilst the modes of culture, the character of the rural population, and the whole economy of the farms receive their due amount of consideration, maps and woodcuts illustrating the letterpress, and rendering it more intelligible.

M. Sonnet's *Dictionnaire de Mathématiques appliquées* is only just finished, and we have already to notice the first two *livraisons* of a similar work published by M. Wurtz, with the assistance of several able *collaborateurs*, and treating of chemistry in all its branches. The learned author gives us by way of preface a kind of historical essay on the progress of his favourite science, beginning with the days of Lavoisier. This great servant accomplished a twofold result in the course of his investigations: first, he invented a new theory; and secondly, he created the only true method. After a long struggle Lavoisier's system finally prevailed, and for nearly half a century it remained unchallenged. It was applied, however, almost exclusively to inorganic compounds, organic chemistry being limited to the description of the principles extracted from vegetable and animal substances. It is only since the year 1830 that this branch of chemical science has been studied with anything like success, but the results obtained have proved extraordinary in point both of number and of importance; and, with a hundredfold more facts than were known at the beginning of the present century, it is no matter of surprise that Lavoisier's theory should now be insufficient. M. Wurtz traces the discoveries made by the philosophers of all countries, and explains the various systems which have been framed in consequence of these discoveries. Dalton and Gay-Lussac are noticed first, particularly the Manchester chemist, whose law of multiple proportion is perhaps the finest discovery made in chemistry since the days of Lavoisier; the next place is assigned to Berzelius. To Berzelius we are indebted for the completion of the atomic theory, and for an endeavour to explain it by the electro-chemical hypothesis; Laurent and Gerhardt then come under consideration, and a final section is devoted to the statement of the doctrines generally adopted at present. Thus far we have only spoken of the *discours préliminaire* to M. Wurtz's new dictionary. The work itself, as far as we can judge from the inspection of the first *fasciculus*, is carefully got up, and the learned editor has been fortunate in securing the assistance of very efficient coadjutors. Woodcuts illustrate, when necessary, the various kinds of apparatus used in the laboratory for the preparation and analysis of the substances described.

M. Michelet has just published the first two volumes of a new edition of his *Histoire de la Révolution française*.§ We are so accustomed now to the singular method adopted by this writer, which consists chiefly in mistaking figures of speech for arguments, that his most startling conclusions excite neither irritation nor surprise. The new preface which introduces the present edition is very curious. M. Michelet has directed it almost exclusively against M. Louis Blanc, whom he accuses of having confined the Revolution within the limits of a Club. The *Montagne*, he says, that active and vigilant Argus of the revolutionary movement, should not be identified with Robespierre; and besides, he asks, must we sacrifice Pétion, Buzot, the whole Girondist party, to the glory even of the Jacobins? The great point of difference between M. Louis Blanc and M. Michelet, if we may believe the latter, may be stated as follows:—“M. Louis Blanc is a semi-Christian, like Rousseau and Robespierre; the Supreme Being, the Gospel, a return to the doctrines of the primitive Church—such is the vague and bastard creed by means of which politi-

\* *Itinéraire général de la France*. Par Ad. Joanne. La Loire et le Centre. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *La France agricole*. Par Gustave Henzé. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *Histoire de la Révolution française*. Par J. Michelet. Vols. I—II. Paris: Lacroix.

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cans suppose they can really conciliate extreme parties, the philosophers and the believers." In M. Michelet's opinion, attempts like these are both futile and wicked; between Christianity of every kind whatever, and the animus which dictated the Revolution there is no possible agreement, for the doctrine of salvation by grace—that is to say, by a kind of favour—is in direct opposition to the most elementary notions of justice. We have here an amusing specimen of the manner, or rather the *manie*, of M. Michelet. He gives us, in fact, a long sermon against Christianity, so violent that it becomes positively ridiculous, and the reader at once perceives that he can expect from the author neither impartiality nor correct views of the momentous events he is about to describe. M. Michelet degrades history to the position of a pythoness, uttering with foaming mouth incoherent and often unintelligible rhapsodies. However one may differ from M. Louis Blanc, or even from M. Edgar Quinet, it is impossible not to be struck by the dignity of their style and the care with which they discuss from every point of view the events of the French Revolution. M. Michelet, on the contrary, writes a sort of prose-poetry which soon becomes insufferably wearisome. The second volume takes us as far as the month of September, 1791.

The two chief favourites of Louis XIV.—Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon—had agreed during the period of their intimacy, if we may believe Voltaire, to write, independently of each other, memoirs in which they were to jot down every fact of interest connected with the Court of Versailles. It appears that this idea, though never fully carried out, actually led to the composition of a few preliminary pages, and that Madame de Montespan used to read to her friends, during the last years of her life, some fragments of the autobiography she had attempted to write. It is matter for regret that no trace should have come down to us of those souvenirs to which the proverbial *esprit des Mortemarts* must have imparted a peculiar value; but the Duke d'Antin, the legitimate son of Madame de Montespan, took care to suppress every atom of evidence which could give fresh notoriety to his mother's scandalous life, and the autobiographical notes were carefully destroyed. Many documents, however, still remain which serve to throw abundant light on the history of *Quanto*, as Madame de Sévigné used to call the fair and frail lady, and M. Pierre Clément has worked up these documents into a volume which is of considerable interest\* because it is really a chapter of the *grand monarque's* reign. Louis XIV. used to boast that not one of his mistresses ever distracted him from his duties, or influenced his decisions in the slightest degree. The book now before us sufficiently proves that, whatever may have been the King's resolution, he did not uniformly adhere to it, and certainly the political history of France during the seventeenth century could not be studied apart from the life of Madame de Maintenon or Madame de Montespan. Boileau Despréaux, the stern moralist, used to laugh at Colbert, who could not bear to hear any one speak favourably of Suetonius. What! admire a writer who has taken pains to collect all the scandalous anecdotes about the Roman Emperors? Why, those are the very points, remarks Boileau, which render Suetonius so valuable. In the lives of public men even minutiae are interesting. M. Pierre Clément, adopting this view, has, without however allowing anything to scandal, given a very full biography of Madame de Montespan. His collection of *pièces justificatives*, which is both rich and varied, contains letters from the Duke d'Antin, Vivonne, Huet, Gaignières, and other personages of the time. Louis XIV. also appears in this part of the volume, but the character he assumes is a most repulsive one, for we find him writing to Colbert in order either that the unfortunate *maquis de Montespan* may be closely watched, or that the extravagant whims of the haughty Marchioness may be immediately complied with. No writer can make Madame de Montespan attractive, but M. Pierre Clément has certainly succeeded in interesting us about her history. A copious index terminates the volume.

M. d'Haussonville's work on the relations between Napoleon I. and the Roman Catholic Church becomes increasingly entertaining as we go on.† We are now in the very midst of the drama enacted between the firm, uncompromising dignity of the Pope on one side, and, on the other, that extraordinary combination of violence and *rouerie* which always characterized the ecclesiastical policy of Napoleon I. The occupation of Rome by the French and the captivity of Pius VII. are the chief topics discussed by M. d'Haussonville in this third volume. The Concordat has hitherto been too often regarded as one of the happiest strokes of the Imperial policy; and it is still thought to have solved for ever, so far as France is concerned, the difficult problem of the relations between the Church and the State. The fallacy of this last-named supposition is sufficiently obvious to those who have watched the progress of recent events. Whether an act which, like the Concordat, was marked by the most complete breach of faith on the part of the French Government should be quoted as a *chef d'œuvre* of wisdom, will be doubted by those who read Cardinal Consalvi's Memoirs and M. d'Haussonville's valuable work. We have already several times remarked on the incomplete

character of the correspondence of Napoleon I. as published by order of the French Government. The book before us is a further proof that many of the Emperor's letters have been omitted either designedly or through negligence, for no fewer than fifteen of those letters are given to the world for the first time amongst the documents collected by M. d'Haussonville.

M. Ténot's narrative of the *coup d'état* of 1851, in Paris itself, has been noticed some time since in this Review; the author now gives us the sequel of his volume \*, and describes the state of the provinces immediately before the re-establishment of the Imperial régime. His aim, he says, is to refute the calumnies which have been so busily spread abroad against the non-Parisian Republicans, defeated and proscribed. In the places where the Democrats for a short time prevailed, does their conduct justify the accusations showered upon them? Was there really, in December, 1851, a *Jacquerie*, taking the word according to its most unfavourable signification? M. Ténot endeavours to show that a detailed and dispassionate statement of facts negatives this story. The truth is, however, that two parties stood in direct antagonism to the President of the Republic at the time of the *coup d'état*. There were, on one side, sincere and loyal men, anxious to keep within the limits of strict legality, and to maintain order at any price, whilst they boldly protested against the violation of the Constitution. But there were also demagogues and anarchists, longing to take advantage of events for the purpose of securing the triumph of their doctrines. M. Ténot does not sufficiently distinguish between these two classes of anti-Bonapartists, and he sometimes tries to find extenuating circumstances for acts which it seems to us impossible to justify. His work, nevertheless, is a very interesting one, and, with some slight corrections, would be excellent. The declamatory style in which the author indulges now and then might advantageously be toned down.

M. Antoine de Latour will not, we hope, carry out the determination he expresses in his preface †, of publishing nothing more about Spain; he knows so intimately the literature and political history of that country, its manners, and its institutions, that he is eminently qualified to deal with *cosas de España*. His preface is dated August, 1868. The Government of the Bourbons was then still at the head of affairs in the Peninsula, and M. de Latour had felt, on his expulsion from the country, bound to follow the Duke de Montpensier, to whom he has always been particularly attached. Under a new régime it is probable that the sentence may be cancelled, and that the author of the volume before us may have full liberty to prosecute his favourite studies. In the meanwhile, let us glance at the bill of fare which he here presents to us. Literature, *impressions de voyage*, and politics, come in for their respective shares. The first chapter is an historical episode belonging to the twelfth century, and taken from the annals of the wars between the Moors and the Spaniards. Don Francisco de Rojas and Don Juan Ruiz de Alarcon, with their original and amusing dramas, form the subject of two excellent essays. Cervantes, of course, appears once more; and whilst noticing the Marquis de Bello's new book on Christopher Columbus, M. de Latour takes the opportunity of explaining an incident in the immortal discoverer's life.

The French opera is also a country which has its traditions, its manners, and its literature.‡ The traditions do not go very far back, for the 28th of July, 1669, is the date of its establishment, and the earliest letters-patent authorizing the performance of operatic dramas were bestowed by Louis XIV. upon Perrine, who gave them over to the celebrated musician Lulli. It is curious that the first manager of the opera should have been an abbé; but M. Nérée Desarbres tells us that the Académie Impériale de Musique is the land of surprises, and that we should in those latitudes be prepared for everything. We cannot follow the matter-of-fact compiler through the long list of directors, musical composers, leaders, singers, and ballet-dancers, which he gives us so elaborately; but we must say that, if his annals are true, they are at the same time extremely dull, and it seems as if, in writing on a subject where so much was to be said in the way of gossip, amusing anecdotes, and biographical sketches, M. Desarbres had made it a point of duty to be as prosy as he possibly could.

M. Beulé's lectures on archaeology § deserve a more detailed account than we can here give of them. Treating of Grecian art before the time of Pericles, he begins by considering the monuments of architecture, and devotes the second part of his work to the masterpieces of sculpture. He treats, first, of the Eastern influences which can be traced in the earliest architectural remains of Greece, and he contends that, notwithstanding the pride and conceit with which the citizens of Athens, Corinth, and Sparta tried to sever themselves from the rest of the world as from barbarians, they were indebted to those barbarians for their elementary notions of aesthetics, just as much as for the groundwork of their language. But although the Greek idiom is originally an offshoot from the Aryan stock, we should not be justified on that account in saying that Homer and

\* *La Province en décembre 1851. Étude historique sur le Coup d'État*. Par Eugène Ténot. Paris: Le Chevalier.

† *Espagne, Traditions, Mœurs et Littérature; Nouvelles Études*. Par Antoine de Latour. Paris: Didier.

‡ *Deux Siècles à l'Opéra*. Par Nérée Desarbres. Paris: Dentu.

§ *Histoire de l'Art grec avant Péricles*. Par M. Beulé. Paris: Didier.

\* *Madame de Montespan et Louis XIV: Études historiques*. Par Pierre Clément, de l'Institut. Paris: Didier.

† *L'Église romaine et le premier Empire*. Par M. le comte d'Haussonville. Vol. 3. Paris: Lévy.

Plato are the intellectual successors of the poets who composed the *Ramayana* or the *Mahabharata*; and in like manner, granting that the old Hellenic architects borrowed from the East the chief elements of the Doric and the Ionic orders, they went far beyond their models, and may be truly said to have established the laws of architecture. It is the same with sculpture. The Egyptians, the Phoenicians, the Assyrians, had reached to a certain stage in that branch of art at a time when Greece was inhabited only by hordes of barbarians, and the great merit of the Greek sculptors consisted in the fact that they shook off the traditions of their early teachers just at the right time, and asserted an originality of their own. M. Beulé has examined in detail the principles of Hellenic art, and studied its applications in the various monuments which time has preserved to us, or of which there exist written descriptions. His subject naturally leads him also to inquire how far the history of architecture and sculpture can help us to understand the social and political life of the nation which cultivated them with so much success.

## NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.—On Monday Evening next, December 7, the Programme will include Beethoven's *Stringed and Wind Instruments*; Beethoven's *Sonata in C major*, Op. 53; for Piano-forte, &c.; a *Sonata* for Violin, &c. *Francesca da Rimini*, M. A. J. F. Barnett, Strauss's *Rise, Henry Biagrov*, Lazarus, C. H. H. Weston, Heywood, Platti. Vocalist: Madame Sainton-Dolby. Conductor: Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s. Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, 45 Cheapside; and at Austin's, 25 Piccadilly.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The WINTER EXHIBITION of SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five. Admission, 1s.—Gas on dark days.

WILLIAM CALLOW, *Secretary*.

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of CABINET PICTURES by BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS is NOW OPEN at the French Gallery, 120 Pall Mall, from Half-past Nine till Half-past Five o'clock. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

HOLMESDALE FINE ARTS CLUB, Reigate.—The EIGHTH EXHIBITION of PICTURES, DRAWINGS, and other Works illustrative of the Fine Arts in connection with the above Club will be held at the Public Hall, Reigate, on December 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th instant.

By Order of the Committee. JOHN PAYNE, *Hon. Sec.*

VICTORIA INSTITUTE; or, Philosophical Society of Great Britain, 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street.—FIRST ORDINARY MEETING—SESSION 1868-9. Monday, December 7, at Eight p.m. Paper by the Rev. W. W. ENGLISH, M.A. ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY IN ITS RELATIONS TO SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

On January 4, 1869, a Paper by DOMINICK McCausland, Esq., Q.C., LL.D., on SOME USES OF SACRED PRIMEVAL HISTORY.

On January 18, a Paper by the Rev. C. A. ROW, M.A., on THE RELATION OF REASON TO THEOLOGY AND REVELATION.

## CHRISTMAS LECTURES.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION of GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, W.

WILLIAM ODLING, Esq., F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, will deliver, during the Christmas Vacation, a Course of SIX LECTURES, adapted to a Juvenile Audience, on the Chemical Changes of Carbon. They will commence on Tuesday, December 29, at Three o'clock, and continue on Thursday, December 31, 1868; Saturday, January 2, Thursday, January 7, and Saturday, January 9, 1869.

Non-Subscribers to the Royal Institution are admitted to this Course on the payment of One Guinea each, and Children under Sixteen years of age, Half a Guinea. Subscribers to the Courses of Lectures delivered in the Season pay Two Guineas. A Syllabus may be obtained at the Royal Institution.

December, 1868.

H. BENCE JONES, *Hon. Sec.*

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL will Lecture on the CLAIMS of WOMEN, in the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Thursday Evening, December 10, at Eight o'clock. Seats, 1s. Reserved Seats, 2s.; Admission, 1s. To be obtained of Mr. Fiss, at the Rooms; or at the Victoria Press, Princes Street, Hanover Square.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE INSTITUTION for LADIES, Tufnell Park, Camden Road, London.

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WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, the LINE, and CIVIL SERVICE.—The Rev. Dr. HUGHES (Wrangler, Jol. Col. Cam.) receives into his House TWELVE PUPILS for above; has passed 300.—Custosar Court, Ealing, W.

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PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES.—At the COUNCIL MEETING, held at the London Tavern on Tuesday, after the usual routine business, a Letter was read from the London Tavern, dated December 1, 1868, from W. E. Egerton, King's Collector, who had bequeathed £2,000 to build the Second Wing of the above most worthy Institution. The Collector was requested to make use of his most strenuous exertions to obtain the remainder of the 1,000 Guineas (now being collected) required for erecting the First Wing, so that the Bequest of the liberal Donor may become available for the completion of these most excellent Almshouses.—Subscriptions will be most thankfully received by the Collector, Mr. C. Port, 14 Derby Street, Argyle Square, W.C.

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CHARLES HOLMES, *Secretary*.

December 5, 1868.]

## The Saturday Review.

**PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.**—The Letters of Lieutenant WARREN, R.E. (chief of the Exploring Party) from May to October, with the Plans of his Discoveries up to the latest date at Robinson's Arch, Wilson's Arch, the Hill of Ophel, and the Virgin's Fountain, are now ready.

These may be had by the Subscribers of the Fund on application to the SECRETARY, of whom

particulars of the State and Progress of the Society may be obtained.

Subscriptions are received by the SECRETARY, and by the Society's Bankers, Union Bank of London, 4 Pall Mall East, S.W., and Messrs. COWERS & CO., Strand.

W. BESANT, Secretary.

**TO THE NERVOUS AND PARALYSED.—BRIGHTON.**—Mr.

HARRY LOBB, Surgeon-Electrician, having a VACANCY at his House, 2 Old Steine, for Patients the comforts of a Home, Sea Air, and the professional employment of the latest discoveries in Medical Electricity.—Apply to 31 Sackville Street, London; or 2 Old Steine, Brighton.

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**INTERIOR of the GLOBE THEATRE.—CATHEDRAL,** Melbourne.—THE BUILDER of this week contains: Interior View of the New Theatre, Newgate Street.—View of St. Patrick's (R.C.) Cathedral, Melbourne.—On the Railways—Regulations and Light of the Railways—Paris—Charing Cross—Paris—Historical Notes on Land and Sea—Shewers.—The Study of Art and other Papers; with all the News. 4d; by post, 5d.—1 York Street, Covent Garden; and all Newsagents.

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Jacket, Vest, and Trousers' Suits	2 2 0	2 12 6	3 3 0

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Riding Habits	£3 3 0	24 4 0	£6 6 0
Paisley Cloaks	1 1 0	11 6 0	2 2 0
Travelling Suit, Jack, Vest and Trousers	2 12 6	3 3 0	4 4 0
New Registered Cloak	2 5 0	2 12 6	2 17 0
Waterproof Tweed Cloaks	1 1 0		

**SPECIALITIES IN OVERCOATS FOR GENTLEMEN.**

Pilot Cloths, 25s., 42s., and 22s. 6d.; Melton Cloths, 42s., 52s. 6d., and 62s.; Beaver Witney Cloth, 31s., 6d., 42s., 63s.; Treble Milled Cloth for Driving, 10s., 11s., 12s., 13s., 14s., 15s., 16s., 17s., 18s., 19s., 20s., 21s., 22s. 6d.; 6 years, 24s. 6d.; 8 years, 26s. 6d.; 10 years, 28s. 6d.; 12 years, 30s. 6d.; 14 years, 32s. 6d.; 16 years, 34s. 6d.

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J. THOMSON, Chairman.

**THE GREAT INDIAN PENINSULA RAILWAY COMPANY.**

At the THIRTY-EIGHTH HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING, held at the City Terminus Hotel, Cannon Street, London, on Friday, the 27th November, 1868;

HUGH C. E. CHILDERES, Esq., M.P., Chairman of the Company, in the Chair:

The Advertisement convening the Meeting was read.

The Company's Seal was affixed to the Register of Proprietors.

The Directors' Report having been taken as read—

It was moved by the CHAIRMAN, seconded by WM. NICOL, Esq., and resolved:

“That the Report of the Directors, together with the Accounts now submitted, be received and adopted.”

It was moved by the CHAIRMAN, seconded by ALEXON S. AVTON, Esq., M.P., and resolved:

“That the present Share Capital of the Company be increased by the amount of £2,000,000

sterling. And that such Amount be created and issued at such time or times, in such manner and upon such terms and conditions as the Directors shall from time to time sanction by Resolution.

“That the Directors be and are hereby authorized to create and issue such Capital Stock accordingly.”

HUGH C. E. CHILDERES, Chairman.

It was moved by WM. BILLINGS, Esq., seconded by H. R. PRICE, Esq., and resolved:

“That the best thanks of the Meeting are due and are hereby tendered to the Chairman and Directors for their attention to the interests of the Company.”

THOS. R. WATT, Managing Director.

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WILLIAM SAMUEL DOWNES, Actuary.

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December 5, 1868.]

## The Saturday Review.

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**CURE** (this Week) of **VIOLENT COUGH and INFLAMMATION** of the **CHEST** by **Dr. LOCOCK'S WAFERS**.—Nov. 23, 1868. "Mrs. Hemphill, Coombe Street, has a great suffusion of Week-long Violent Cough particularly distressing nights. She has immediate relief from the Wafers."—Signed, G. L. NAPIER, Chemist, South Street, Exeter.—Sold by all Druggists, at 1s. 1d. per Box.

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